THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

## *MONTHLY CALENDAR*

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

## THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

*THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.*

JUNE, 1808.

*CONTAINING*


On the late Trotting Match in Harness ..... *Page* 103
Summary of Sport at the Ascot-heath, Newton, and Newcastle Races.. 105
Thoughts on Disputes between Gentlemen, on points of honour, &c. 107
The Amusements of Paris described 109
Cruel Abuse of Horses ..... 114
The Sailor turned Pedlar..... 115
Of the Ass ..... 116
Apology for fortunate Gamesters.... 117
The Earl of Derby's Stud..... 118
The Mysterious Bride ..... 121
An Epistle from a Pedestrian..... 122
Friendship in the Feathered Race.... 123
Pedigree and Performances of the Brother to Vivaldi ..... 124
Stallions that cover in Ireland in 1808 125
Alteration in the Game Laws ..... 127
Extraordinary Irruption ..... 128
Feast of Wit..... 129
Spanish Pride..... 130
On a Printing Office..... 132
Epigram on a late Battle..... 132
Hints to the Bearers of Walking-Sticks and Umbrellas ..... 133
Breach of the Game Laws ..... 136
Boxing ..... 137
Remarkable Yew Tree ..... 137
Pedigree and Performances of Stamford ..... 138
Races appointed in 1808 ..... *Page* 139
Viper, an Etching ..... 140
The Metamorphose of a Bashful Man ..... 140
Cricket Matches ..... 141
Attachment in Brutes ..... 141
Sporting Intelligence..... 142
Cocking, at the Royal Cockpit, Manchester, and Newton..... 143
Wrestling ..... 143
Bettings at Tattersall's for the St. Ledger Stakes ..... 144
Trotting Match ..... 144
Sparring Exhibition ..... 144
Pedestrianism ..... 145
The Driving and Whip Clubs .... 147

POETRY.

The Kilruddery Fox-Chase ..... 149
Jeu d'Esprit, circulated at a late Masquerade ..... 150
Poor Barley-Corn..... 151
To the much-distressed Members of the Society of decayed Guide-Posts ..... 151
Lines to Mary ..... 152
Content..... 152
Epitaph ..... 152

Racing Calendar ..... 28
Racing Intelligence Extra ..... 39


*Embellished with—I, An excellent Engraving of the Brother to Vivaldi.*
*II, Viper, an Etching.*


LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondents in the West will perceive that we have at length succeeded in procuring the Old Hunting Song of Kilruddery, &c. which has a place in our poetical department this month.

A. B. and other favours have been attended to.

On the cover of our present month's Magazine, are the proposals of Messrs. Random and Sneath, for publishing a set of the most elegant sporting prints.—From one of these beautiful copper-plates the Ptarmigan, given in our Magazine for January last, was copied, and which should have been mentioned in the article describing the bird; we have been highly favoured by the loan of many pictures, and, with permission, occasionally to copy from valuable prints, in all which cases it is our wish, explicitly and gratefully, to acknowledge the sources from which we derive those ornamental parts of our work.

*Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.*

THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

## FOR JUNE, 1808.

ON THE LATE

### TROTTING-MATCH IN HARNESS,

*On Fair Usage, and a Reprobation of Cruelty to Sporting Horses.*

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

OUR London newspapers of late have rung with accounts, to all appearance desseminated with much industry, of that most wonderful and surprising performance —a gelding trotting in harness fourteen miles in one hour, or seven miles out and seven miles in, upon the level road between Cambridge and Huntingdon. These accounts were signed with a name, which, perhaps, we might have supposed to have been that of a sportsman, had they been in a less flourishing style.

"A performance to which nothing was ever equal to it, either in memory or tradition! the wonderful animal! and he made play at startiug, and all that! and must have been beat, but for that excellent whip, young Mr. Hull (not Young Roscius) and, Lord have mercy! what a pity that would have been, and how it must have affected Mr. M'Lean!!"

Seriously, Gentlemen, I wish to bring the *rationale* of this matter before your's, which is the proper tribunal, and if my memory do not immediately furnish me with actual precedents, I hope my experimental practice will with analogies, or, in plain English, probable reasonings, on the case, and such as I trust, will fully satisfy both you and all sufficient judges of the matter.

I have a confused recollection of trotting in harness at various periods, but cannot just now ascertain what the events were; I will nevertheless stake whatever credit I may be supposed to have in respect to judgment in the practice, that a horse is very well able to trot upon the even turnpike, fourteen miles in one hour, drawing a light weight, and I have no doubt but many have and will be able to perform such task, with a common light gig, carrying two persons. Hereafter follow my reasons for such assertion, and without the least fear of difference, I submit them to Marsden, to Aldridge, to Bishop, to Johnson, and the rest of our experienced trotting-jockies.

In the first place, it is well known, that some horses will trot nearly as fast in light single harness as out. As an instance:—I once saw a trotter, in a light gig, carrying two persons, keep company above a mile with Cartwright's old chesnut horse, well known to be one of the speediest of his day. About 1798, it was published in the papers, that a gentleman's hackney (of the Admiralty) trotted in harness one mile

in three minutes. For the correctness of that fact I cannot answer. Not only do we know that horses will trot fast enough in harness to complete the feat required, but we know with equal certainty, that at any rate slow horses will trot *up to their foot in harness*, and by a parity of reasoning I have a right to judge, that speedy ones will likewise. It has come within the observation of most buggy-drivers, that many hacks will trot nine or ten miles in one hour in harness, which they can do at most but a mile or two more with the saddle. I have myself timed a little weak mare, on a mixed road, good and bad, twelve miles in less than one hour, without even the thought of preparation; another person about my own weight (9st. 5lb.) being with me in the gig; the mare never in her life had been able to trot fourteen when ridden.

Now as it is proved that horses can make use of their speedy trot in harness, and trot up to their speed, in what can possibly consist the vast difficulty of trotting fourteen miles in a light carriage, within the hour? It most probably does consist, whenever there is either failure or great difficulty in such a case, in the horse's being no trotter, a speedy jade, or one with weak loins, or otherwise unfit for harness. Can any horseman doubt the ability of a hack, master of fourteen stone, and capable of trotting sixteen miles within one hour, to trot fourteen in light harness? Such a notion is incredible, nor can I bring myself to believe, that any of our stout, that is to say, lasting capital trotters, would have suffered damage, pain, or even inconvenience in the performance.

As foils to set off the wonderful powers of our great trotter in harness, we have lately had two of the most dreadful humbug matches that ever disgraced Old Time, by entering into a competition with him. Yet the *harnessed animals* in these matches were not jackasses. One, the Lord help it! could not manage to trot six miles and half, in harness, in half an hour! the other, unable to perform thirteen within a whole hour, was wisely pulled up at the end of fifty minutes. Somehow, a set of people have got possession of our newspapers on the subject of trotting, who do not themselves trot very smoothly, and without hoisting either one way or the other. Lately out-popped a paragraph to tell us, that a young mare had trotted eight miles in half an hour, and it truly was such a thing as was never before heard of, that is to say, by said publishers. But on the other side of the question, a most successful and truly wonderful match was trotted, some years ago, *in the newspapers*, by a gentleman's horse, in Billiter-square, THIRTY MILES IN AN HOUR AND HALF!!! The *hoax* was indeed most successful, and copied into Bewick's Quadrupeds, Encyclopedias, Sportsman's Dictionaries, and into the various publications of those authors, who are in the laudable habit of writing about horses, because they may only have *seen* such things.

Before we part on this occasion, Gentlemen, let me assure you and your numerous readers, that however gratified I ever am, in witnessing the exertions of a noble, generous, and useful animal in the race, my gratification can be genuine only when the animal is well capable of his task, and fairly and humanely used; and that I hope not to be classed with that execrable and

and inhuman set of blackguards, well indeed deserving a few gentle stretches upon the rack, who can torture out the life of a wretched creature, endowed with feelings equal to their own, to forward their dirty interests, or excite their spurious, unmanly, and unnatural gratifications.

I have not yet forgotten the heart-rending story of the poor old flea-bitten horse, his entrails cut out with the whip, and trailing after him upon the turnpike-road, where, with his last expiring sobs, he had, a second time, for the profit of a knot of miscreants, (who, if now in Hell are its foul disgrace) won a gallop-match of twenty-two miles within the hour. He was the only horse, not thorough-bred, which ever ran that distance within the hour, and he performed it between London and Windsor, and was really able to perform it whilst in his prime, sound, and fairly used. Happily I did not witness his miserable end, and most barbarous usage; but the account of it came to me from too authentic a source for me to refuse it credit.—More happy still it is that I am assured, the times are so much more humanised, that few would be inclined, and none would dare, to exhibit such a tragedy on our roads at the present day.

I remain, Gentlemen, your old friend and servant, and (under the above salvo)

A Trotting Jockey.

*June* 14.

P. S. Give me leave to observe in addition, that no horse should be tried at the above performance, but one which is able to trot full fifteen miles in one hour, with a pretty high weight.

## SUMMARY OF THE SPORT AT THE ASCOT-HEATH, NEWTON, AND NEWCASTLE RACES.

### *ASCOT-HEATH.*

ON *Tuesday*, the 20th instant, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs. was won by Mr. Shackel's Felton, beating Mr. Deane's Le Maitre, and the Hon. Mr. Villiers's Strideaway.—The Sweepstakes of 100gs. was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Sorcerer, beating four others.—Renewal of the 10gs. Stakes for all ages, for the years 1808 and 1809, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Corsican, named by Mr. Wyndham; beating Captain Haffenden's Sir Launcelot, and Mr. Batson's Charmer (named by Sir C. Bunbury). Bets, 8 to 1 against the winner.—Lord Jersey's b. c. by the Wellesley Arabian, out of Bowling's dam, beat Mr. Freemantle's ch. c. by the same stallion, dam by Prospect; last mile, 100gs. h. ft. a fine race.—Lord Jersey's b. h. Poke, 9st. beat Mr. Lake's Silvermere, 7st.; last half mile, 25gs.—Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the rest of the younger branches of the Royal Family, were present.

*Wednesday*, his Royal Highness the Duke of York's Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Sir J. Honywood's Hawk, beating Mr. Fenwick's Sir Launcelot, and three others.—The Swinley Stakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. was won by Lord Egremont's Election, beating Mr. Fermor's Stripling only by half a head.—A Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for horses of all ages, that never won more than 60gs. at any one time before the day of naming, was won by Mr. Fermor's Bantam, beating Lord C. Somerset's White-Rose,

Rose, Sir J. Honywood's Delville, and Lord Egremont's brother to Hedley.—Her Majesty and the Princesses again honoured the course with their presence, as did also the Dukes of York and Cumberland.

*Thursday*, the renewal of the 10gs. Stakes, for three-year olds, for the years 1808 and 1809, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Trimbush, (named by Mr. Wyndham) by Teddy, beating Lord Egremont's b. f. by Gohanna.—The Gold Cup of 100gs. value, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie, a subscription of 20gs. each, for horses that never won above 100gs. at any one time before the day of naming, was won by Mr. Fermor's Brighton, beating Mr. Buller's Epsom, after running a dead heat.—Lord Foley's f. bought of the Prince, paid forfeit to Lord Egremont's f. by Gohanna, the last half mile, for 100gs.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Pagoda, beat Mr. Craven's Beau Nash, last half mile, 100gs.—Lord Jersey's colt, by the Wellesley Arabian, dam by Pot8o's, beat Ld Foley's f. by Vermin, out of a Highflyer mare, last mile, 100gs.—For the Plate of 50l. for yeomen prickers and keepers, Mr. Starling's Blenheim walked over the course.

*Friday*, for the Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, five subscribers, Lord Egremont's Canopus walked over.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, for two-year olds, was won by the Duke of York's ch. c. Silvermere, beating Mr. Fermor's b. f. by Gohanna, Mr. Emden's Miss Seedling, and Mr. Ladbroke's b. f. sister to Election.—Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages, was won by Mr. Batson's Gladiator, beating Lord Jersey's Poke. — Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, three subscribers, was won by Mr. S. Batson, jun.'s Gladiator, beating Mr. Turner's Drake.

*NEWTON.*

On *Wednesday*, June 15, the Maiden Plate of 70l. three-mile heats, was won by Lord Wilton's b. f. by Alexander, 3 yrs old, beating Sir T. Stanley's bl. g. by Sir Harry, 4 yrs old; Mr. Richardson's Cleopatra, 3 yrs old; and 3 others.—The Gold Cup was won by Julius Cæsar, by Alexander; beating Baron, Belinda, Phlebotomist, and Newton.

*Thursday*, the 70l. was won by Miss Prisle, by Sir Peter, beating Honest Bob, and 3 others.—The Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, was won by Dimple, by Sir Peter Teazle, beating the Sister to Bucephalus.

*Friday*, the Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, was won by Baron, by Stamford, beating Baronet and Josephina.—And for the 70l. there was no race; General Benningsen received the premium.

*NEWCASTLE.*

Monday, the Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, was won by Sir W. Gerard's ch. c. by Hambletonian, beating Mr. Riddell's f. by Expectation, and Mr. Hutchinson's Dorimond. — Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, was won by Colonel Horton's b. c. by Bustard, beating 3 others.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for four-year olds, was won by Cardinal York, beating Oran and Silvio.

*Tuesday*, the King's Plate was won by Cardinal York, beating Ranger.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Riddell's b. f. by Expectation, beating three others.

One

On *Wednesday*, the Silver Cup was won by Silvio, beating several others: and the 50l. Plate was won by Cramlington.

---

## THOUGHTS ON DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

*On Points of Honour, &c.*

AMONG those disagreeable events of life which create disunion in society, there are, perhaps, none more deeply to be lamented than those connubial irregularities, which too forcibly mark the character of the present age. There are but few offences against the principles of civil order which bear more heavily upon the heart, or carry, in their stream of action, a disposition to resentment more indelible. The emotions arising from an ordinary insult may be becalmed by atonement, or obliterated by the punishment of the aggressor: but in this species of injury the consequences are materially different; the mind is tinged with a sorrow that only ceases with existence; and a whole family are doomed to participate in a dishonour to which they bore no active part, and which calumny will not suffer to sink in oblivion!

We are more immediately led to these remarks, by a recent affair of fashionable notoriety, where the wife of a Nobleman eloped with her paramour in the full face of day; exhibiting such symptoms of indifference to the opinion of the world upon moral rectitude, as do not frequently occur even in these days of degeneracy, when the God of Love is wantonly and surreptitiously effacing the immemorial privileges of Virtue and Hymen.

We can scarcely peruse a modern newspaper, without perceiving some novel instance of illicit gallantry in the *beau monde*, or some deed of indiscretion in a spinster, which compromises the indispensable delicacy of the sex: for we must insist upon it, that a lady without delicacy will soon lose her required importance in life, be her rank or title what it may.

The number of duels that have been fought, and lives that have been lost, in consequence of similar immoralities, renders it a theme of national concern to enquire into the causes of this increasing evil—and which is scarcely now accompanied with a sentiment of shame, from the incessant repetition of example!—Is this propensity to matrimonial infidelity sown in the elements of a *stylish* education? or is it awakened and enforced by that flippant tone of conversation in which licentious coxcombs are permitted to indulge, with scarcely any reference to decency, but what consists in verbal distinctions, making the zest poisonous, though the medium is not disgusting?

Or does it arise from that pernicious but fallacious idea, that a reformed rake makes the best husband? There is a prevailing notion among the mass of our young men of distinction, that the ladies are more readily captivated by what are termed *dashing fellows*; and this notion has produced innumerable extravagancies and eccentricities of action, which were utterly repugnant to the natural dispositions of the blockheads who assumed them. Many do not hesitate to violate truth, in the ardent hope of being thought more absurd than they really are; and proudly brag of a head-ach from a debauch, where they have never been!—Mr. Cumberland has truly depicted this wretched

wretched passion to be nominally vicious, in his comedy of *The Wheel of Fortune,* where Governor Tempest thus rebukes Sir David Daw, for wishing to be thought moral, when paying his addresses to his daughter Emily: "If you wish to succeed with the ladies, Sir David, keep that sentiment to yourself; as the world is now so fashionably depraved, that a man is forced to *affect* vices to keep well with it."

We trust that our fair country-women will consider this subject as infinitely more interesting to them than to the gentlemen; inasmuch as whatever takes from that dignity and decorum, which should be inalienable to the marriage compact, is lamentably depriving them of a legal and due share in the higher delights of civilised society.—Man, in his nature, as well as in the admitted order of things, possesses a latitude in agency which is necessarily denied to the softer sex, as involving more purity of character: and whenever a female deserts the standard of her own honour, she not only degrades herself for ever, but commits an act which abridges the wholesome privileges of beauty, by making men repugnant to enter into that state which was the behest of the Almighty, and should be the universal desire of mankind. W.

DUEL.

On Saturday the 11th instant, a meeting took place on Epping Forest, between Captain R——ds, of the Northampton militia, and Lieutenant H——n, of the 15th light dragoons. The parties fired together, and exchanged three shots (the second pistol of Captain R. missing fire,) and in the third shot Captain R. received his adversary's ball in the leg, which shattered the shin-bone, and although it was immediately extracted, it is apprehended he must suffer amputation.—They were attended to the field by their seconds and surgeons.—The principals were a short time ago quartered together in Woodbridge Barracks, when an intimacy ensued; and the cause of the meeting was produced by a Capt. R. having lately suspected that Lieut. H. had been carrying on an improper correspondence with his wife, the particulars of which, we are given to understand, will be very soon disclosed by a legal investigation.

COURTS-MARTIAL.

A Court-Martial was lately held at Portsmouth on Lieutenant W. Pitcher, of the Royal Marines, of His Majesty's ship Isis, who was ordered to be tried for having degraded himself while on shore, by grossly insulting a Gentleman, and suffering himself to be repeatedly thrashed; and for disobedience of orders. The Court did not inquire into the first charge, as it did not happen within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty: he was found guilty of the disobedience of orders, and sentenced to be dismissed from the ship, and put at the bottom of the list of Second Lieutenants.—Rear-Admiral Tylar, President.

The 31st ult. Lieut. Nopps, of the Turbulent gun-brig, was tried by Court-Martial at Sheerness, for taking four guineas from a Danish Master; but as the money was not appropriated to his own use, he was ordered to make good the same, and to be more circumspect in future.

THE

## THE AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS DESCRIBED.

Continued from Page 65.

### LIVES AND MANNERS OF EUROPEANS.

I Lately mentioned to you, my dear lady, the portrait of our Saviour, which may be had for one sous, on the Boulevards; to-day I will make you acquainted with a similar speculation. Look at that sheet of paper, decorated with large wooden cuts, and printed only on one side; it contains, notwithstanding, nothing less than the "Lives and Manners of the Nations of Europe: *Vies et Mœurs des Nations de l'Europe*," says the superscription. For my part, being a German, and only knowing the manners of nations from thick volumes in quarto, my curiosity is naturally excited, and I read with pleasure the quintessence of the judgment and prejudices of Frenchmen respecting themselves and their neighbours. The following are examples:—

"In religion, the German is unbelieving; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

"In keeping his word, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.

"In giving advice, the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

"In love, the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.

"In external appearance, the German is tall; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle size; the Spaniard frightful.

"In dress, the German is shabby; the Englishman superb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.

"In manners, the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

"In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is mysterious.

"In vanity, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.

"In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.

"In offending and doing good, the German does neither good nor harm; the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.

"In speaking, the German speaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.

"In address, the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles

resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

"In laws, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former observes them negligently, the latter rigidly.

"Servants, are companions in Germany; slaves in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; submissive in Spain.

"Diseases—Germans are particularly infested with fleas; the English with whitlows; the French with the small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with wens.

"The women are housewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain.

"In courage, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

"In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.

"Magnificence—In Germany the princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories; are magnificent.

"Husbands (make the conclusion), in Germany they are masters; in England servants; in France companions; in Italy schoolboys; and in Spain tyrants."

I will readily grant you, my dear madam, that one-third of these singular characteristics is untrue, and sometimes absurd; but the other two thirds I could vouch to be true. With regard to us Germans, we have the least reason to complain of the painter; if he had but omitted the horrid libel that we do not understand how to love, and that among us husbands are masters, we might then be well satisfied with him.

PICTURES AND CARICATURES.

Now let us, if you please, walk further up this library suspended by threads; it borders on another of musical productions, which is followed by a third, consisting of pictures; among the musicals, you find all the new ariettas, duets, &c. from the most popular French and Italian operas; among the pictures, a representation of every thing that is most interesting to the Parisians; for example, Fanchon, the lute girl; the fine drum-major of the consular guard, with his enchanting whiskers; the First Consul's superbly-dressed Mameluke; and, of course, the First Consul himself, in a thousand different attitudes, especially with his drawn sword in his hand, replanting the cross. Faith presenting him with a palm branch, and the other two Consuls by his side; or the beautiful Madame Recamier, with her face half veiled.

Plenty of caricatures are likewise to be met with here, and the King of England is at present the general mark at which the French direct the shafts of their satire; for which they are, however, not only more abundantly, but even more wittily, requited by their transmarine neighbours; for it must be confessed, that among twenty French caricatures, there is scarcely one that has any claim to wit.—

Here

Here you see the king between his good and evil genius, throwing himself into the hands of the latter; there an Englishman riding upon a Calcutta turkey; on the pommel of the saddle are wine-hampers with bottles, and below is written, "the attack." The companion to this print is the defeat, where the same Englishman is seen flying on a fleet stag, losing his hat and tobacco-pipe. Here the Duke of C—mbr—ge is driving the Hanoverian post-waggon, and behind it is a cask, on which is written, Hanoverian blood; there an army of frogs, whose general wears British regimentals, and rides on a lobster, while a Frenchman takes up one frog after the other, and cuts them in two with his broad sabre. At other times, an elephant is laying hold of the king's cup, and dashing it with his trunk into a well; on the cup is to be read this inscription, "Thou must go to pieces after all."

In some of these wretched productions, Mr. Pitt is represented riding on his M—j—ty's back, on the sea-shore, peeping at the French ships in the offing; here the sovereign leaps over the channel, and in his jump loses his crown: there he picks up a number of paper cases, on which the names of his dominions are written; but, unable to hold them all, he lets some of them fall. Hanover is already on the ground, Ireland just tumbling, and Malta appears very loose. Here the English are seen flying before a cloud of dust, raised by a flock of sheep; and there Mr. Pitt exercising his troops, all of whom have pig's heads. The caricature which may perhaps be called the wittiest, is the following: a maker of trusses for ruptures presents the king with a new truss, on which is written—"observation des tratiés—the observance of treaties." At his Majesty's feet lie two broken bandages, one bearing the inscription, "forces navales—or, naval forces;" the other, "levée en masse—raising in a mass."—Thus you see that politics are the axis round which every thing turns. A few only of these distorted figures attack the manners of the English; such as, for instance, the English family in Paris, where a huge, clumsy Englishman, stuffed with roast beef, leads two stiff misses by the arm, who make a very awkward curtesy, &c. &c.

### THE CAPUCHIN'S GARDENS.

If you are by this time tired of the squalling of the ballad-singer, we will saunter about the garden of the Capuchins, where there are tigers and monkeys, where Franconi exhibits his equestrian feats, where the spirits appear at night, and where, in a word, a thousand different spectacles are to be gazed at from morning till night. Here stands for a moment a portable booth, hung with old carpet, in which my dear punchinello is very amicably fighting with the devil.—Two hocus-pocus men attract crowds on both sides; one by cups, the other by tricks with cards. A much greater concourse of people gathers round a man, whose whole apparatus consists of a chafing-dish full of glowing charcoal, and about half a dozen small pieces of asbestos. He begins with an impressive account of the expedition to Egypt; whilst his neighbour represents at the same time in his show-box, to those who like to see it, what heroic exploits were achieved by his assistance in that country against Mamelukes and crocodiles; and how he once strip-

 ped

ped one of the slain men of his shirt, and found that it did not consist of linen, as usual, but of a fossil fabricated into cloth, which the Egyptians use for the sake of convenience, as they need not wash or dry their shirts, but only throw them into the fire in the evening, and take them out again in the morning as white as snow.

In order to impress on the minds of his hearers a conviction of the truth of what he says, he seizes one of the needles, to which he has fastened a small bit of asbestos, and turns it round in the mud till the original colour cannot be distinguished: he then throws it into the chafing-dish, and while it is glowing, continues to harangue his audience for a few minutes longer, when he draws it out of the fire, and, to the great astonishment of all the spectators, quite purified by the fiery element.

One of my neighbours, who seemed to be a wit, compared the whole process to the French revolution, which likewise arose pure, new, and brilliant, out of the glowing fire. I wish, with all my heart, that nobody could dispute the truth of this assertion.

THE STRONG WOMAN.

Who is to be seen in this hut of planks, is still more disgusting than the female with the long black beard. With the latter, pity gains the upper hand: for how can the poor creature help being obliged to wear a beard so immensely long? but with the former, disgust and indignation get the better of compassion. The one merely obeys nature, the other sets her at defiance. She suffers three men to tread upon her body, which is stretched out in a hollow posture; she suffers iron to be forged upon it, and exhibits other *tours des forces*, from which you, my dear, very properly turn away. But how can I help it? You must creep with me into another hut of this kind, to see the incombustible Spaniard, who really excites as much horror as admiration. Do you see the jar of oil, bubbling and boiling over a coal fire? the young man, who takes it off, drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without distorting a feature, rinses his mouth for a long time with it, as if it were fresh water, and spits it out still boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, washes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes, which, however, he shuts. Having been purified by the fire, like the asbestos, he takes a walk, by way of change, with his naked feet, upon a piece of red-hot iron, and, to refresh himself, he even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth be equally insensible to the flames of love, he is undoubtedly to be pitied. All this is no imposture, but really happens as I have now related; but whether, as some assert, he causes a kind of salamander-ointment to be rubbed into his skin, which is not to be perceived, I shall leave undetermined.

A NEW GAME AT NINE-PINS.

To efface these unpleasant impressions, let us for a few minutes step before this little fortress, of which you find many patterns on the Boulevards. It is a new kind of game at nine-pins, at which you not only see boys, but even respectable-looking citizens, delight to play. It is, indeed, preferable to the usual game, as it takes up much less room, and may be removed from one place to another. This little fortress is about the height

of

of a man, built in the form of an amphitheatre; below it has a draw-bridge, over which the walls are gradually raised, and on them a number of soldiers stationed at intervals. Eight or ten yards from the fortress, a wooden mortar (or even a cannon) is planted, from which, as with the children's guns, a ball is discharged. The force of the mortar is calculated exactly according to the distance, from eight to ten paces. The skill in this play consists in taking so good an aim, as to knock down one or more soldiers at once, or even in accurately hitting the very centre, in which case the draw-bridge falls, and by means of the spring, which has been touched by the ball, a state coach with six horses comes out: in others, a white flag is hoisted at the top of the fort; the ball is lost within, and comes out again at the bottom. This pretty game has manifold advantages over the common game at nine-pins; it can be exhibited in the smallest garden, nay, even in any room in the least spacious. It requires but trifling bodily exertion, so that even ladies may play. It is interesting, because the aiming and hitting premises a certain dexterity and practice: in short, by describing this game, I hope to have furnished a pleasing supplement to the gymnastic exercises.

CANARY BIRDS.

Decorum not permitting us, my dear friend, to partake of this game on the Boulevards, we had better look awhile at those poor little canary birds, who are instructed in yonder booth in all sorts of arts, directly contrary to their nature.—Here one turns a spit; another drives his fellow in a wheelbarrow; a third stands sentry with his gun, sword, and grenadier's cap; a fourth does not stir from his master's shoulder, though he beat the drum loud enough to make one run away; a fifth fires a cannon, the burning cork of which knocks a sixth down from the table, and leaves him on the ground for dead. A seventh sits in the very middle of a flaming wheel, as quiet and merry as if perched upon a rose-bush in its native island. You have probably often seen such things in Germany, though not in equal perfection; but one observation relative to these birds you have, perhaps, never heard. It was made by their teacher and master, and affords matter for reflection. "The hen," said he, "certainly takes every thing much quicker than the cock, and I can generally render them very skilful at the expiration of a few weeks, but they soon forget, and soon die." Methinks his argument respecting the feathered tribe may be equally applied to its tormentors, man; for if our belles learn moral or æsthetic arts, they do not indeed die of it, but their loveliness generally finds its tomb in them.

THE PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

Having yet half an hour to spare, let us make use of it to see two celebrated fountains. The fountain in the Rue Grenelle is really very fine, but the street very narrow and obscure; the fountain has not a free exposure on all sides, and the great building is, besides, deformed by all sorts of signs. On the right is a large painted cow, because milk is sold there; on the left is a carpenter's sign, &c. To me, pardon the heresy, if it really be one, it will always appear ridiculous to raise such a building with two wings to such a height as three stories,

stories, to decorate it with columns and statues, and all this on account of the two lions' heads below, a few feet above the ground, which you do not even perceive, because there is no stream of water, but what little remains must be brought up by pumping.

Of the inscription, which is for the most part erased, only these words remain: "For the use of the citizens, and for the ornament of the city." The conclusion alone is true, and that only in part. This end might have been obtained much more splendidly in another manner.

Now we are in the *marché des Innocens.* The fountain may be fine when the water flows; but it is still worse than that in the Rue Grenelle, as not a single drop can be pumped out, it being quite dry. The large bason, which stands at a considerable height in the centre, looks like a round tea-table, which has just been placed there, and forms an odd contrast with the surrounding objects. Upon the whole, this monument is altogether extremely filthy, and out of repair. To indemnify you, however, for being disappointed in your expectation, please to cast a look on the fine market-place, which, by its spaciousness, and bustling scenes, is far more interesting than that useless piece of architecture. There, in numerous rows, monstrous fat women, called poissardes, or fish-women, are seated under large umbrellas, between eight and ten feet in diameter, forming, if viewed from above, a roof resembling that of the ancient Roman soldiers, when advancing with their shields thrown over their heads, in a manœuvre, called the testudo. These umbrellas are not the property of those women, but hired in the market for a few sous. Thus screened from the rain and the sun, you may here admire mountains of butter, shoals of fish, stores of eggs, towers of apples and pears, gardens of flowers, and great quantities of grapes and other sorts of fruits, together with a party-coloured mixture of vegetables, among which, the large dazzling white, and neatly raised heaps of cauliflowers, afford a spectacle particularly pleasing. Listen a little, meanwhile, to the energetic *patois* (gibberish) of the stout market women, an energy from which you have now nothing to fear; and if the view of so many dainties has created an appetite, let us quickly throw ourselves into a *fiacre* (hackney-coach), and drive to the *Restaurateur.*

---

## CRUEL ABUSE OF TROTTING MATCHES, &c.

*(From the Morning Advertiser.)*

MR. EDITOR,

MANY readers of your paper were shocked at the account it contained of a bet on a wonderful horse, who was obliged "to perform the distance of fourteen miles within an hour in harness, at a trot." We are told that the animal "*made play* at a winning rate." This technical phrase may be intelligible to the *knowing ones*, as they are called, and may possibly mean that the poor creature appeared to run with ease. But we are told also that it was "driven by an *expert whip* of eleven stone," and this *expert whip*, if it was not exercised on the body of the unfortunate beast all the time, was doubtless employed in such a manner

ner as to keep up his speed by the force of terror. What must be the feelings of men, who, for the sake of a little paltry cash, could inflict upon a poor beast, much more harmless than themselves, an hour of such torture and apprehension? But this is not all, for it is said, "the animal was offered to be backed to perform the same distance *within an hour*, and *to draw 20st.*" Good God, Mr. Editor, is it possible that there can be so much cruelty in a country which prides itself on its humanity! it was not enough that the horse had performed so laborious a task, and endured such an hour of alarm and agony, to augment his pace, but before it could be supposed to have hardly recovered from the heat, to say nothing of the fatigue of such a dreadful exertion, it was offered for a still greater effort, and would most probably have been put to the trial, if a fear of his success, not an impulse of humanity, had not prevented any body from accepting the proposal. We may surely say with Othello, "Are we turned Turks?" when we hear of such horrid violations of every feeling that ought to characterise mankind. Nay, though the Turks are ferocious enough to each other, and particularly to those who differ with them in religion, it is not probable that a poor dumb animal, which is so useful, and indeed so necessary to man, when properly employed, would be treated by them with so much ingratitude and injustice.

The accounts of the contests which take place among the pugilistic professors, however disgusting, are read with less horror than the recital of the miseries which are so often inflicted on the inferior race of animals; because in those contests, each party has a will of his own, and exposes himself from motives of interest or ambition to all that befalls him; but the poor horse is obliged to submit to the tyranny of man, against whose cunning his strength is of no avail. It is surely time to put an end to these odious practices, which, if not checked by the indignation of mankind in general, will become as fashionable as any vice or folly, and which will degrade the national character, as well as blunt those feelings which have raised it above that of any other people on the face of the earth.

A CONSTANT READER.

*Thatched-House, May 24.*

P. S. If the patrons of these inhuman sports were ever likely to hear of Pythagoras and his doctrine, they might possibly be brought to think of *retribution*, and fear that a *brute* in the *human shape* might hereafter be consigned to one more fit for his savage nature, and receive due punishment from the very animal which he had tortured, when the latter may be exalted to the state for which he might be much better qualified than his former tyrant.

---

## THE SAILOR TURNED PEDLAR.

MR. EDITOR,

IN travelling along the public road, I lately overtook a sailor, hobbling away upon a wooden leg and a crutch, who asked charity in the usual way.—He told me he had been fighting for his King and country ten years, and had crippled and destroyed as many French dogs as he could, and had he not in turn been

been crippled himself, would still have been fighting away as usual. Of course I praised his valour, and informed him, that besides the cause he had been engaged in, he had been fighting for *social order*, and *religion*, and that he should be always careful to mention this when he solicited charity of the old women, or the clergy.—Jack swore I was right, for he remembered his mother had taught him the Lord's Prayer when he was very young, and that the parson had given him a half-penny for saying part of the *Belief*.—But, says he, if they should ask me who this *social order* is, and what post he holds, what must I say? for I never heard of him before.—Oh, says I, you must tell them he is Lord High Admiral to the King of Sweden, and that he will come soon with a great fleet to assist us.—I will, please your honour, says Jack, but mind what I say, "he will never fight better than Old Nelson, for all that."

The old tar now seemed to wish to drop the subject, and advert to his own case.—I have fought devilish hard, said he, many a glass, but the lubbers have crippled me now, so that I can fight no more, and I am trying to get an honest penny, by selling a few articles of hardware, and a few godly books. If your honour will shorten sail and lay me along-side, you shall overhaul my stores.—Accordingly I lay to, while Jack handed me his basket, which contained the whole stock in trade, such as coarse hardware, some inkle, garters, brimstone, matches, &c. &c.—The literary department was enriched with the History of Jack the Giant-killer, Tom Thumb, An Account of the last Illness of Mr. Pitt, and the dying speeches of some of the most celebrated heroes of the Old Bailey. He had also a collection of love songs for the amusement of the village girls, and to complete the venture, had laid in a few dozens of prayers for the fast-day.

As he seemed to expect I should purchase something, I took a penknife, leaving him the change, by way of increased profit. I then asked him if the prayer-trade was brisk and profitable? Ah, no, said he, I can sell a hundred of my other books for one of my prayers; and if I cannot rid my stock of prayers off in a few days, I shall be aground, and be obliged to throw the remainder in among the old stores, for another twelvemonth. I did all I could to comfort Jack, as to his prayer-speculation, by hinting that if many of his stock should remain on hand, he might cut it into small slips, and sell it along with his brimstone matches, to the masters of public-houses, to light their candles, or the pipes of their guests with. Jack thanked me kindly, for the suggestion, said he would practise it if needful, and then we parted.

---

## OF THE ASS.

THE ass is an ass, and not a degenerated horse; a horse with a naked tail; he is not outlandish, nor an intruder, nor of spurious origin; he has, like all other animals, his family, his species, and his rank; his blood is pure, and though his family distinction is less illustrious, it is altogether as good and as ancient as that of the horse. Why then so much contempt for an animal, so good, so patient, so sober, and so serviceable?

able? Would men despise, even among the brutes, such as serve them with too much fidelity, and too cheaply? The horse receives an education, is taken care of, is instructed, we give him exercise; whilst the ass, abandoned to rough treatment by the meanest of servants, or to the unluckiness of children, far from gaining, can only lose by his education, and if he had not a great store of good qualities, would certainly hate them for the manner in which he is treated; he is the sport, the butt, and the scoff of the peasantry, who lead him with a stick in their hand, beat, overload, and maltreat him, without consideration, and without mercy.

They do not reflect that the ass, both of himself (if there were no horse in the world) and with regard to us, would be the first and most distinguished of animals; but instead of being the first he is the second, and, for that reason only, seems of no consideration. It is the comparison that degrades him. He is regarded and judged of, not absolutely, but by the relation he bears to the horse; it is forgotten that he is an ass, who has all the good qualities of his nature, all the endowments peculiar to his species, and nothing is thought of but the figure and qualities of the horse, of which the ass is destitute, and ought not to be possessed.

In disposition, he is as humble, meek, and patient, as the horse is spirited, fiery, and impetuous; he suffers with firmness, and endures with fortitude, chastisement and blows: he is moderate both in the quality and quantity of his food, he is very nice with regard to his water, he will not drink but of the clearest, and of streams he is acquainted with: he drinks as moderately as he eats. As he is never curried, he frequently rolls upon the grass, upon thistles and fern, and by this seems to reproach his master with the little care that is taken of him; for he never plunges like the horse, into the mire and water, he is even afraid of wetting his feet, and turns aside to avoid the dirt; he has also a drier and a cleaner leg than the horse. He is capable of education, and some have been sufficiently well taught to be exhibited for a show.

---

## APOLOGY FOR FORTUNATE GAMESTERS.

WE must not suppose that all of the very fortunate gamesters have used those means to collect fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent; but we may suppose, that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool, and shrewd men are mingled, who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gaiety of manners; who have perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her dispositions, who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the Queen—"That ascendancy which a superior mind always possesses over a weak one."

## THE EARL OF DERBY—HIS STUD.

THE Earl of Derby commenced upon the turf in 1774, and was the owner and breeder of a great number of very valuable and successful racers. In 1793, his Lordship reduced his Stud, and afterwards had seldom above one or two in training at a time; but regularly named a colt or filly for the Derby and Oaks' Stakes at Epsom, and generally for Preston, Lancashire.—But, notwithstanding, his Lordship retained his choicest mares for breeding, along with that celebrated stallion, *Sir Peter Teazle*,* who has been unparalleled for upwards of twelve years, and whose produce is so well known to sportsmen and breeders, as to need no comment.

### THE STUD.

| Horses, &c. Names. | Sires. | Dams, and what got by. | Year when foaled. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Prospero | Syphon | | 1770 |
| Candidate | Dainty Davy | Regulus | 1771 |
| Young Fellow | Fellow | Regulus, Sedbury, Grenadier's dam | 1772 |
| Juliet | Dainty Davy | Regulus | 1774 |
| Laburnum | King Herod | Young Hagg, by Skim | 1774 |
| Turnspit | Mr. Vernon's Arabian | Sister to Alexander, by Lot | 1774 |
| Ægis | Young Snip | Emma, by Spectator | 1775 |
| Guildford | King Herod | Tulip, (sister to Pacolet) by Blank | 1775 |
| Bridget | King Herod | Jemima†, by Snap | 1776 |
| Choice | Fitzherod | | 1776 |
| Fame‡ | Pantaloon | Diomed's dam, by Spectator | 1776 |
| Geranium | Syphon | Lofty | 1776 |
| Ugly | Syphon | Candidate's dam, by Regulus | 1776 |
| Aladdin | King Herod | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1777 |
| Beauty | King Herod | Ugly's dam, by Regulus | 1777 |

* In 1790, he covered (his first season) at Knowsley, Lancashire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—The first of his get that started was Mr. Fox's Shuter, who ran at Newmarket in July, 1793; the second was Lord Fitzwilliam's dark brown, or grey filly, out of Desdemona, that ran a match against Mr. Garforth's Bradamanta, at Doncaster, in the same year. In 1794, Mr. Clifton's Mary-Ann (the first winner of his get) won a Stakes at Catterick, and one at Knutsford:—Lord Derby's Hermione received 80gs. forfeit at Newmarket Craven Meeting, and won the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom in June, 50gs. at Lewes, and 50l. at Reading:—Also, Mr. Tarleton's br. filly, (Jack Tar's dam) won a match at Preston, and a Stakes at Nottingham. His produce afterwards proved themselves superior to the get of any other stallion in the kingdom.

† Jemima (foaled in 1769) was bred by Mr. Shafto, and sold to Lord Derby for a brood mare before she bred Bridget. She was own sister to Mexico, by Snap; her dam, Match'em Middleton, by Match'em, out of Miss Middleton, by Regulus.

‡ Fame was bred by Mr. Vernon, and sold to Lord Derby when four years old.

Spitfire,

| Horses, &c. Names. | Sires. | Dams, and what got by. | Year when foaled. |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Spitfire | Eclipse | Lord Orford's Barb | 1777 |
| Faith | King Herod | Curiosity, by Snap | 1778 |
| King William | Florizel | Milliner, by Match'em | 1778 |
| Paulina* | Florizel | Captive, by Match'em | 1778 |
| Achilles | Eclipse | Countess (Delpini's dam) by Blank | 1779 |
| Oliver Cromwell | Protector | Flippanta, by Snap | 1779 |
| Peru | King Herod | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1779 |
| Fortunatus | Mr. Vernon's Arabian | Bridget's dam, by Snap | 1780 |
| Collector | Conductor | Capella †, by King Herod | 1781 |
| Dancer | King Herod | Marotte ‡, by Match'em | 1781 |
| Lady Teazle | Highflyer | Papillon §, by Snap | 1781 |
| Noodle | Magnet | Clara, by Careless | 1781 |
| Blandish | Il'mio | Marotte, by Match'em | 1782 |
| Inca | Highflyer | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1782 |
| Little Anthony | Conundrum | King Herod, Regulus | 1782 |
| Mulberry | Florizel | Match'em | 1783 |
| Wren | Woodpecker | Papillon, by Snap | 1783 |
| Zilia | Eclipse | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1783 |
| Active | Woodpecker | Laura, by Whistlejacket | 1784 |
| Annette | Eclipse | Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap | 1784 |
| Paul | Trentham | Paulina, by Florizel | 1784 |
| Rose | Sweetbriar | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1784 |
| Sir Peter Teazle | Highflyer | Papillon, by Snap | 1784 |
| Altamont | Garrick | King Herod, by Squirrel | 1785 |
| Director | Conductor | Paulina, by Florizel | 1785 |
| Georgiana | Sweetbriar | Capella, by King Herod | 1785 |
| Nutmeg | Mambrino | Marotte, by Match'em | 1785 |
| Miss Guildford | Guildford | Paulina, by Florizel | 1786 |
| Bab | Bourdeaux | Speranza ‖, by Eclipse | 1787 |

* Paulina was also bred by Mr. Vernon, and sold to Lord Derby when two years old. Her dam was out of Calliope, the dam of Mr. Burdon's Orpheus and Duchess.

† Capella (foaled in 1773) was bred by General Parker, and sold to Lord Derby after racing, (four years old) for a brood mare.—Capella's dam was Miss Cape, by Regulus, out of Mr. Routh's Blackeyes, by Crab.

‡ Marotte, (foaled in 1766) was bred by Lord Bolingbroke, and sold to Lord Derby before she bred Dancer. She was also the dam of Mr. Hamilton's (of Ireland) famous racer and stallion Bagot, (own brother to Dancer).—Marotte's dam was got by Old Traveller; grandam by Mr. Hartley's blind horse, out of Mr. Routh's Northern Nancy, by Highland Laddie.

§ Papillon (foaled in 1769) was bred by Mr. Shafto, and was a brood mare in Lord Grosvenor's stud, and afterwards sold to Lord Derby before she bred Lady Teazle.

‖ Speranza, (foaled in 1778) was bred by Mr. Parker, and sold to Lord Derby after racing, at four years old. She was own sister to Saltram, by Eclipse; dam, Virago, by Snap, Regulus, out of a sister to Black-and-All-Black.

| Horses, &c. Names. | Sires. | Dams, and what got by. | Year when foaled. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lee Boo ...... | Florizel .... | Ruby, by Pantaloon .......... | 1787 |
| Mrs. Candour .. | Woodpecker .. | Papillon, by Snap ............ | 1787 |
| Dancing-Master . | Woodpecker .. | Madcap, by Snap ............ | 1788 |
| Mulespinner.... | Guildford .... | Jemima, (Bridget's dam) by Snap | 1788 |
| Pigmy ........ | Florizel .... | Ruby, by Pantaloon .......... | 1788 |
| Wagtail ...... | Woodpecker .. | Papillon, by Snap ............ | 1788 |
| Brown Bess .... | Highflyer.... | Papillon, by Snap............ | 1789 |
| Bustard........ | Woodpecker .. | Matron*, by Alfred .......... | 1789 |
| Hotspur ...... | Volunteer.... | Bridget, by King Herod ...... | 1789 |
| Kidney ........ | Pot8o's...... | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1790 |
| Eustatia ...... | Highflyer.... | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1791 |
| Hermione .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1791 |
| Miss Piper .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Fame, by Pantaloon .......... | 1791 |
| Shuter ........ | Sir Peter Teazle | Zilia, by Eclipse.............. | 1791 |
| Brass .......... | Sir Peter Teazle | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1792 |
| Fair Helen .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Bridget, by King Herod ...... | 1792 |
| Zenobia ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Zilia, by Eclipse.............. | 1792 |
| Black George .. | Sir Peter Teazle | Bab, by Bourdeaux .......... | 1794 |
| Go-By ........ | Sir Peter Teazle | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1794 |
| Henrietta ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Matron, by Alfred............ | 1794 |
| Bellissima...... | Phenomenon .. | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1795 |
| Knowsley ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Capella, by King Herod ...... | 1795 |
| Sir Harry ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Matron, by Alfred............ | 1795 |
| Sir Thomas .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Bridget, by King Herod........ | 1795 |
| Telegraph...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Fame, by Pantaloon .......... | 1795 |
| Countess ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Fame, by Pantaloon .......... | 1796 |
| Expectation .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Zilia, by Eclipse ............ | 1796 |
| Lady Jane .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1796 |
| Robin Redbreast | Sir Peter Teazle | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1796 |
| Agonistes ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1797 |
| Attainment .... | Sir Peter Teazle | Zilia, by Eclipse ............ | 1798 |
| Belleisle, afterwards Cheshire Cheese | Sir Peter Teazle | Georgiana, by Sweetbriar ...... | 1798 |
| Hind.......... | Sir Peter Teazle | Paulina, by Florizel .......... | 1799 |
| Miss Zilia Teazle | Sir Peter Teazle | Zilia, by Eclipse ............ | 1799 |
| Maud, alias Pandora | Sir Peter Teazle | Brown Bess, by Highflyer .... | 1801 |
| Tiney ........ | Sir Peter Teazle | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1801 |
| Milo† ........ | Sir Peter Teazle | Wren, by Woodpecker........ | 1802 |
| Stranger ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Georgiana, by Sweetbriar...... | 1802 |

* Matron, alias Betsy, (foaled in 1785) was bred by Sir Harry Harpur, Bart. and sold to Lord Egremont, who raced her in 1790 and 1791; she was then hunted two seasons, and afterwards was a brood mare in Lord Derby's Stud. Her dam was got by Marsk, Regulus, out of Wildair's dam, by Steady.

† Milo is kept by Lord Derby for a stallion, and covers at Knowsley, at 4gs. and 5s.

Atlas,

| Horses, &c. Names. | Sires. | Dams, and what got by. | Year when foaled. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Atlas.......... | Sir Peter Teazle | Bab, by Bourdeaux .......... | 1803 |
| Grazier........ | Sir Peter Teazle | Sister to Aimator, by Trumpator | 1803 |
| Knowsley...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Bab, by Bourdeaux .......... | 1804 |
| Margaret ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Brown Bess, by Highflyer...... | 1804 |
| Jacobus ...... | Sir Peter Teazle | Brown Bess, by Highflyer...... | 1805 |

Lord Derby was the breeder of several others beside the above, which were sold when young, as were also nearly the whole of Sir Peter Teazle's get that were bred by his Lordship.

## THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

THIS new play, the production of Mr. Skeffington, a gentleman well known in the fashionable world, has repeatedly continued to attract numerous audiences to Drury-Lane Theatre. The characters were—

Almaric ................Mr. Putnam.
Oswald..................Mr. Raymond.
Armanski...............Mr. Siddons.
Bolmann ...............Mr. Palmer.
Miesco ..................Mr. De Camp.
Store ......................Mr. Maddocks.
Orloff. ...................Mr. Cooke.

Elisena .................Mrs. H. Siddons.
Olfrida ..................Mrs. Harlowe.
Gertrude ...............Mrs. Sparks.
Marian ..................Mrs. Bland.

SCENE—*Transylvania.*
TIME—*Fourteenth Century.*

THE FABLE.

Elisena, daughter of the Bohemian King, has been sent under the care of an Officer, called Armanski, to be united in marriage with Almaric, the Prince of Transylvania. Previous to her departure, the Bohemian Monarch had given a medallion to Armanski, with the name of Elisena marked in diamonds.—Elisena is ignorant of this circumstance, as the present is intended as an agreeable surprise to the Prince on the day of marriage. Oswald, an ambitious favourite of the Prince, had conceived a daring design of imposing his sister Olfrida on his master for the long-expected Princess. Enamoured by the portrait artfully presented by the brother, the Prince hails Olfrida as his long-expected bride.—In the mean time, the ruffians of Oswald attack Armanski and his train in the Forest of Moldavia, rob him of the medallion, and every other proof; they seize the Princess, and plunge Armanski into the river. When Elisena arrives, two ruffians are about to murder her; touched with pity, they spare her life, and disguise her as a peasant. She is hired as a servant at the inn by Bolmann, and his waiter, Miesco, a generous rustic. She here meets the Prince, and captivates him at a *fête*, yet dares not disclose herself, dreading the vengeance of Oswald and Olfrida. Miesco is shortly enamoured of Elisena, but when she discloses her real situation, wholly renounces his passion, and devotes himself with zeal to her welfare. As the Prince and Olfrida are about to be united, Armanski, who had been saved by the care of peasants, arrives at the moment. He accuses Oswald and Olfrida, who retort the charge of imposture. Armanski asks the Prince for the medallion

lion in which the portrait of Elisena is concealed by a secret spring. He then urges the false Elisena to prove herself the daughter of his master, the Bohemian King, by shewing the diamond which opens the medallion. She faulters. Elisena points to the letter E. The Prince opens the medallion, and the title of Elisena is confirmed.—The piece ends with the defeat of the impostors, and the union of Almaric and Elisena.

Exclusive of the panegyrics bestowed upon the piece by the newspapers, we have to add, the language was always correct, perfectly natural, and, when occasion required it, sufficiently dignified.—The interest was kept alive during the whole piece, and increased as it approached the *denouement*.—The scene between the innkeeper and his wife, in which goodness of heart and jealousy seem contending for the ascendancy, is well conceived, and the author has displayed no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature.

We must offer our testimony of approbation to Mr. Siddons, whose developement of the plot was admirably delivered; and the author's language, which was here particularly strong and appropriate, was correctly conceived, and given with spirit. The performance of Mrs. H. Siddons was chaste and pleasing; and in the scene where she attracts the notice of the Prince by the elegance of her language, and dignity of deportment, she was particularly happy.

The prologue, by Mr. Skeffington, was spoken with uncommon energy by Mr. Putnam.

The epilogue, by Mrs. Piozzi, was spoken by Mr. Russell.

Mrs. Bland sung a Neapolitan air, which was much applauded.

## AN EPISTLE FROM A PEDESTRIAN.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Wish very much that you would just *row* a queer *homo* or two, who have taken upon themselves in several newspapers, to *quiz* us, who are upon a better *footing* in the world than themselves; I mean we gentlemen who have made ourselves famous for walking against time, and whose *time* being our own, we think we have a right to do with it as we please. These geniuses, Sir, have never been admitted into company that are quite the *go*, and therefore can stand no chance with us who have a *feed* now and then at the first tables. It will not be a difficult matter for you, Mr. Editor, who are up to the trick of it, to say a number of good things in our defence; for instance, that we have a right to *put the best leg forwards*, that we must *keep moving*, that we have more occasion (our habits in life being genteeler) for *leg-bail* than they have; that we are used to out-run the constable, and that we don't *stand* at a trifle. It is true, that some queer fellows among them may reply, that though we *go on* at the d—l of a rate we never get *forward*, and that *the more haste the less speed*. However, Mr. Editor, do the best you can to keep us *in* countenance, and I'll in return for the favour, introduce you to some of *us*, who will put any body else *out* of countenance. There's my friend, Captain Clodhopper, of the light infantry, who is as high-finished in the fancy as you can desire; he shall teach you the *hoop and wheel, jumping the butts, hop-*

*ping*

*ping the furlongs*, and all the fashionable sports; he is a great *goer*; he's the boy for the seven leaguers; we call him in the mess, *Father Long-legs*; and it is astonishing the wit that sometimes passes about *post shoes*, *Shanks's nag*, and so forth.

We *go* off in great style, when we have finished our education, I assure you; and we havn't been *hand in glove* with Gulley and the Game Chicken for nothing, so that I think, that after a *set-to* with those slow-moving geniuses, they will stand no more chance with us than *Bob Waddle* against *Bill Scamper*, as my honest friend, *Pat Flyaway*, says. There, now, is another good fellow; his race is generally against the bailiffs, and sometimes a hard match it is. Matters run at times very cross with Pat; it is a plaguy thing to be poor, and to be *cut* by the money-lenders. Pat is a fellow of great humour, and he and I are as friendly as *Sudbury* and *Monkey*, mentioned in your Magazine for December last.

Now, Mr. Editor, having said thus much, I hope that you will give these critic *curs*, a lecture in the *Sporting Magazine*, that they may give us a little more elbow room in the world: so that they may keep the *course* clear, and let us go our *own* way, I have no objection to their going their's; and that's the way most people like to go, after all. So I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, your's truly,

ENSIGN AMBLESIDE.

*Harrow-road, June* 1, 1808.

---

FRIENDSHIP IN THE FEATHERED RACE.

DR. Lettsom has lately published a letter, "on the inhumanity of confining song-birds," in which he relates the following very extraordinary instance of affection between two linnets:—

"That the feeling and sentiment of birds, by whatever name we may designate them, are tender and sympathetic, their conjugal and parental conduct amply testifies.

"I well remember, when a school-boy, there was not one among us without his bird. There were two male linnets, who preserved during their lives, which were protracted for some years, the most inviolable attachment and friendship. These linnets were named Robert and Henry; they had not been brought up together, nor did they both belong to the same person. It was early observed, that whenever one of the birds sung, the other joined it, and at night each slept on that side the cage next its friend's. At length their attachment was more fully ascertained by this incident:—It was customary to allow the birds to fly about the chamber in which they were kept, on cleaning the cages. On one of these occasions, one of the linnets, being at liberty, flew to the cage of the other, and they were afterwards now and then indulged with the privilege of being together in one cage, when they uniformly expressed their high gratification, by fluttering towards each other, joining their bills together, and alternately gently picking the tongue of their friend. At length it was resolved to allow one of these birds to fly abroad in the open air, whilst the other was placed out in its cage. I have known the friend left at liberty to mix for some hours with the wild linnets, for this was on a heath, or common, near the school-house, and regularly return in the evening

ing to his vacated cage, placed near his confined friend. This indulgence of the common, was conferred alternately on Robert and Henry, and with the same undeviating attachment. They never were allowed this liberty together; and probably had it been suffered, they would not have returned; for each seemed to enjoy the company of the wild linnets, but so indelible was their mutual attachment, that they preferred imprisonment together, rather than separation.

"One of these friends at length died, and the other pined away and soon followed his deceased friend—*ad sedes illuc negat redire quemquam.*"

---

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF

*That well-known Bay Horse,*

BROTHER TO VIVALDI.

*Of which an Engraving, from a Painting by Clifton Tomson, is here given.*

THIS celebrated racer was foaled in 1799, bred by the Earl of Egremont, and for some time in the possession of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and afterwards became the property of Major Wilson.

He was got by Woodpecker; his dam, (Paulo and Palermo's dam) by Mercury; grandam, Cytherea, (own sister to Drone) by King Herod; great grandam Lily, (own sister to Jethro) by Blank; Peggy, by Cade, out of an own sister to the Widdrington Mare, by Partner. *Woodpecker* died in 1798.

At Bibury, in June, 1805, *Brother to Vivaldi*, 11st. 10lb. won a Handicap Stakes of 10gs. each, (8 Subscribers) two miles, beating Young Eclipse, six years old, 11st.; Chilton, aged, 11st. 3lb.; Lismahago, 6 years old, 12st.; and Little Printer, aged, 11st. 7lb.—Seven to 4 against the Brother to Vivaldi, who was rode by Mr. Delme Radcliffe; and 2 to 1 against Young Eclipse.

At Ascot-Heath, in June, 1806, at 9st. he won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added (14 Subscribers), two miles and a half, beating Agincourt, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb.; Watery, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb.; and Victory, 4 years old, 7st. 9lb.—Five to 4 against Agincourt, 5 to 2 against Watery, and 7 to 1 against the Brother to Vivaldi.

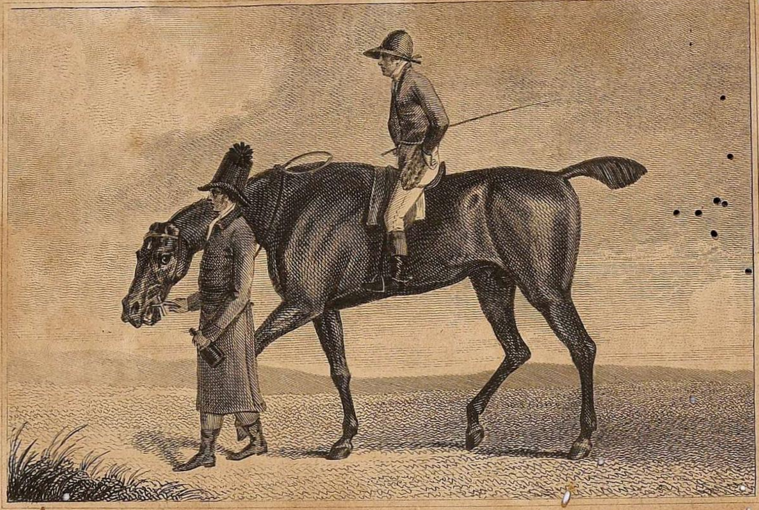
At Ipswich, in July, at 9st. 6lb. he won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Mr. Browne's Laura, 6 years old, 9st. 4lb. who was drawn after the first heat.

At Northampton, in August, at 9st. 3lb. he won 50l. four-mile heats, beating Zofloya, 4 years old, 7st. 5lb.; and Enchanter, aged, 9st. 5lb. who was second, and drawn.

At Stamford, in July, 1807, at 9st. 2lb. he won 50l. for all ages, four-mile heats, beating Wildair, 3 years old, 6st. 6lb.; Buzzard, 4 years old, 8st. 3lb.; and Eliza, 4 years old, 7st. 11lb.—Even betting; and after the heat, 6 to 4 on the Brother to Vivaldi.

At Bedford, September 11, at 9st. he ran four very severe heats (4 miles each) against Sir Launcelot, 5 years old, 8st. 12lb.; beating Dodona, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb.

At Leicester, September 17, he was beat by Grimaldi and Miss Coiner; notwithstanding, the same day, at 9st. 3lb. he won the Burgesses' Purse of 50l. four-mile heats, beating Buzzard, 4 years old,



BROTHER TO VIVALDI.

*Pub.d June 1, 1808, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.*

old, 7st. 5lb.; Margaret, 3 years old, 5st. 10lb.; and Mr. Fisher's Waxy colt, 3 years old, 5st. 10lb.—Five and 6 to 4 on the Brother to Vivaldi.

He has run hard for a great many other plates, &c. and though beaten, few horses have better supported travelling and running, especially at high weights, than the *Brother to Vivaldi.*—He is yet in training, though nine years old.

---

STALLIONS WHO COVER IN IRELAND, 1808.

AMETHYST, at Blarney-Castle, near Cork, at 5½gs.—By Diamond; dam, Sweetmarjoram, by Sweetbriar, out of Dizzy, (Pilot's dam) by Blank.

AUGUSTUS, at Higginstown, near Kilkenny, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Tantrum; dam, (Nottingham's dam) by Sampson; grandam by the Godolphin Colt, out of Flora, (Marquis's dam) by Regulus.

BACCHUS, at Tuam, at 4gs. and a crown.—By Bacchus, (son of Apollo) out of a daughter of Gamahoe.

BLACKLEGS, at Grange, within a mile of Boyle, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Deceiver, (Son of Chocolate.)

BRUISER, at Waterford, at 2gs. and a crown.—By Boxer, (a Son of Old Bagot); dam by Pot8o's; grandam, Heifer, by Woodpecker; great grandam, (Lord Egremont's Matron's dam), by Marsk, Regulus, out of Wildair's dam, by Steady.

BUFFER, at Mr. Whaley's Stables, on the Curragh, at 10gs. and a crown.—By Prize-fighter; dam by Highflyer; grandam, Shift, by Sweetbriar; Black Susan, by Snap, out of Lord Bruce's Cade Mare.

CAPTAIN, at Johnstown-Bridge, County of Kildare, at 4gs. and a crown.—By Commodore; dam by Master Bagot; grandam, by Old Bagot, out of Comfort, the dam of Belisarius, Soldier, Cornet, Duncan, Consolation, and Honest Ralph, all good runners.

COMMODORE, at Mr. Edwards's Stables, on the Curragh, at 8gs. and a crown.—By Tugg; dam, Smallhopes, (Admiral's dam), by the Duke of Kingston's Scaramouch, Blank, Traveller.

DRONE (Old), at Birr, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Old Bagot; dam Flirt, by ———, out of Old Mother Browne, by Trunnion.

EBONY, at Mark Daly's, Thomond-Gate, at 3gs.—By Prizefighter; dam, Harriet, (Loyal's dam) by Dungannon, out of Miss Euston, by Snap.

FAUNUS, at Berry-Kerry, near Carlow, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Master Bagot; dam, Miss Doe, by Young Gamahoe; grandam by Old England.

GLUTTON, at Pursse-Lodge, near Longhrea, at 3gs. and half-a-crown.—By Maximin, out of the Maid of Derry-O!

JERRY SNEAK, at Swinburn's Hotel, Limerick, at 4gs. and a crown.—Own Brother to Old Toby, by Chocolate, out of Old Mother Browne, by Trunnion.

LOYAL, at Seaview, Wicklow, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Old Bagot, out of Harriett, (Ebony's dam) by Dungannon.

MASTER EAGLE, at Mr. Brownrigg's, of Tubber, near Dunlavin, at 6gs. and half-a-crown.—Own Brother to Sir Frank Standish's Spread-Eagle, Split-Pigeon, and Eagle, by Volunteer; dam

dam by Highflyer, Engineer, Cade, out of Lass of the Mill, by Traveller.

RICHMOND, at Coolrain, between M'Ram and Burriss, in Ossory, at 4gs. and a crown.—By Swindler, dam Mrs. Dawdle, (own Sister to Mr. D. B. Daly's Dawdle) by Master Bagot, out of Twilight, by Lenox.

RUGANTINO, at Mr. Whaley's Stables, on the Curragh, at 2gs.—Own Brother to Escape, by Commodore; dam, La-la, (Young Pipes and Georgina's dam) by Old Bagot; grandam, Lottery, by Gamahoe, out of Shepherdess, one of the highest bred mares in England, and a good runner.

SELIM, at Prospect-House near Newtown, Mount Kennedy, at 3gs. and half-a-crown.—By Honest Tom; dam by Lenox; grandam by Paymaster.

SIR WALTER, at Higginstown, near Kilkenny, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Waxy; dam, Woodcot, by Mentor; grandam, Titania, by Shakspeare, out of Mr. Latham's Snap's dam, by Cade, Partner.

SOLDIER, at Belleny, County of Meath, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Chocolate; dam, Comfort, (Cornet, Belisarius, Duncan, Consolation, and Honest Ralph's dam), by Banker, out of Lady Bountiful, by Old England.

STICKLER, at Derry-Allen, near Tanderagee, at 4½gs.—Own Brother to Diamond and Screveton, by Highflyer; dam by Match'em; grandam, Barbara, by Snap; Miss Vernor, by Cade, out of an own sister to the Widdrington Mare, by Partner.

SWEETWILLIAM, at Saddlestown, near Bellewstown, County of Meath, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Tugg; dam, St. Bridgett (own sister to Master Bagot) by Old Bagot, out of Harmonia, (own sister to Mr. O'Kelly's Soldier and Gunpowder) by Eclipse.—*Old Bagot* was own brother to Lord Derby's Dancer, by King Herod, out of Marotte, by Match'em.

SWINDLER, at Mr. Hamilton's Stables, on the Curragh, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Old Bagot; dam, Ariel, (The Hank's dam) by Highflyer; grandam, (own sister to Figurante) by Regulus, Bolton, Starling, out of Snap's dam, by Fox.

SWORDSMAN, at Castle-Plunket, within ten miles of Roscommon, at 8gs. and a crown.—By Prize-fighter; dam, Zara, (own sister to Isabella) by Eclipse; grandam, (Lance's dam) by Squirrel, out of Ancaster Nancy, (own sister to Ancaster) by Blank.

SYMMETRY, at Linville, between Clonmel and Carrick, at 8gs. and a crown.—Own Brother to Mr. Creed's Noblessa, by Diamond; dam, Jane Harold, by Friar; grandam, Noblessa, (own sister to Noble) by Gamahoe, out of Coquette, by the Duke of Bolton's Sloven.

THE HANK, at Hanstown, two miles from Mullingar, at 4gs. and a crown.—By Master Bagot, out of Ariel, (Swindler's dam) by Highflyer, &c.

THRESHER, at Tullamaine, near Cashel, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Commodore; dam, Gaylass, by Highflyer; grandam, Leonora, by Shakspeare, out of Diomed's dam, by Spectator.

TOM PIPES, at Mr. Caldwell's Stables, on the Curragh, at 8gs. and a crown.—By Commodore; dam, La-la, (Young Pipes and Georgina's dam) by Old Bagot; grandam, Lottery, by Gamahoe, out of Shepherdess, one

of

of the highest bred mares in England, and a good runner.

WASHINGTON, at No. 22, Aungier-street, Dublin, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (His Lordship and Shittlecock's dam; also, own sister to Trumpator) by Conductor, out of Brunette, by Squirrel.

YOUNG LAMBINOS, at Castletown, near Carlow, at 2gs. and a crown.—By Lambinos; dam by Gamahoe; grandam by Tim, out of the Patch Mare, (Hippolitus's dam) bred by the late Sir Edward O'Brien, and got by Old England.

YOUNG PIPES, in Tipperary, at 4gs. and a crown.—By Cornet, out of La-la, the dam of Tom Pipes, &c.

## GAME LAWS.

THE following is a copy of the Bill recently passed, "to repeal so much of an Act of the First Year of King James the First, as relates to the Penalties on Shooting at Hares; and also to alter the Provisions of an Act of the Year of King George the First, so far as relates to the appointment of Gamekeepers.

"Whereas an Act was passed in the second year (commonly called the first year) of the reign of King James I. intituled, 'An Act for the better executing of the intent and meaning of former statutes made against shooting in guns, and for the preservation of the game of Pheasants and Partridges, and against the destroying of Hares with Hare-pipes, and tracing Hares in the snow,' whereby it was amongst other things enacted, that every person who should shoot at, kill or destroy, with any gun, cross bow, stone bow, or long bow, any hare, should be subject to the penalties therein mentioned:

"And whereas it is expedient that the said provision should be repealed so far as relates to persons qualified to kill Game:

"And whereas it is also expedient that a certain other Act, passed in the third year of his late Majesty King George the First, intituled, 'An Act to explain and amend several laws therein mentioned, for the better preservation of the game,' should also be repealed:

"Be it therefore enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the said provision of the said recited Act, of the second of James the First, and the said recited Act of the Third of George the First, relative to the qualification of gamekeepers, and regulating the appointment thereof, shall be, and the same are hereby repealed.

"And be it enacted, That the said statute shall not extend to prevent any person, duly qualified by any law now existing, to kill game, from shooting at or killing any hare, with any gun, cross bow, stone bow, or long bow, but that it shall be lawful for such qualified person to shoot at or kill any hare, by any of the means aforesaid; any thing to the contrary, in the said recited statute, notwithstanding.

"And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for any Lord or Lady of any manor to appoint and depute any person whatever, whether acting as a gamekeeper to any

any other person or not, or whether retained and paid for as a male servant of any other person or not, or whether a qualified person or not, to be game-keeper to any such manor, with authority to such person, as game-keeper, to kill game within the same, for his own use or for the use of any other person or persons whatever specified in such appointment or deputation, whether qualified or not; and no person so appointed game-keeper as aforesaid, and empowered to kill game for his own use, or for the use of any other person, and not killing any game for the use of the Lord or Lady of the Manor, for which such deputation shall be given, shall be deemed or taken to be, or entered or paid for as the game-keeper or male servant of the Lord or Lady making such appointment, or giving such deputation as aforesaid; any thing in any Act or Acts of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

"And be it further enacted, That any person appointed game-keeper, under the authority of this Act, to kill game for his own use or the use of any other person, shall have the same rights, privileges, power, and authority, as if he had been legally qualified and appointed to act as game-keeper, or kill game for the use of the Lord or Lady of the manor appointing such game-keeper, under any laws in force immediately before the passing of this Act."

---

## EXTRAORDINARY IRRUPTION.

*(From a New-York Paper of December last.)*

A Letter from Johnstown, Montgomery County, mentions, that the country in the vicinity has, this autumn, been uncommonly infested with bears.—About 250 have been killed within the circuit of eight or ten miles. The cause of this irruption, as it may be termed, is supposed to be the scarcity in the back part of the state, of chesnuts and beech nuts, which compelled the bears and squirrels to resort to the more southern and productive tracts. Instances have been known of a whole corn-field being stripped by these *marauders* in the course of a night.—A singular instance of strength in a bear, occurred lately in the neighbourhood—A young one, nearly full grown, was taken in a steel trap of 21lbs. weight, to which was annexed an iron chain of 23lbs.—his hind leg was broken, notwithstanding which, he dragged both trap and chain above two hundred yards, to a large hemlock tree, up which he climbed, until the chain became entangled in the branches, and checked his progress. In the morning he was traced to his retreat, and shot, and it was found necessary to cut the tree down, to get possession of the body.—A panther of considerable size has likewise been seen by several country people, lately prowling in the vicinity of the town. A farmer, when in the middle of a field, was alarmed by the approach of this unwelcome visitor: his only refuge was the stump of a tree, on which he mounted, and with a rope halter that he had in his hand, kept up a constant noise, by beating the same against the trunk; whether deterred by this or not, the panther contented himself with walking several times around him, and then, without any particular *congé*, took a French leave, and retired to the woods.

FEAST

# FEAST OF WIT.

THE following anecdote may, perhaps, serve to shew the absurdity of the practice of duelling better than the most serious argument.—The brave Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, who was a large heavy man, was challenged by a thin active French officer. "We are not upon equal terms with rapiers," said Van Tromp, "but call upon me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better."—When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch Admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder: "There is room enough for you," said Van Tromp, "at the other end of the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and as you were the challenger, give fire." The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but as the Dutch Admiral told him he would fight in no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

---

THE following circumstance occurred with the Exminster Volunteers, on his Majesty's birth-day. The regiment having paraded in Powderham Park, Devonshire, under the command of Major Rainsworth, received their ammunition, and were then marched on the hill near Lord Courtenay's Belvidere, for the purpose of firing three vollies, which should "*make the welkin resound.*" The muskets were *primed and loaded*—the word was given to *make ready!*—*present!*—when one of the privates exclaimed, "*Sir, we have got no flints.*" On this an examination took place, and it was found that not a single man had a flint in his musket, the hammers being merely charged with a small piece of wood. What was to be done? the flints were locked up in store in the Belvidere, the person who kept the key was not to be found, and the door could not be forced. Under these circumstances, the Commanding Officer thought it proper to take the only step which prudence could dictate, and that was, to order every man to draw his cartridge, and throw the priming from the pan; which being done, the regiment then *went through the motions*, and reserved the *real fire* for a future opportunity.

---

A PERSON who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it were possible to civilise the natives?—"As a proof of the possibility of it," replied he, "I have known some negroes, who thought as little of a *lie* or an *oath* as any European."

---

A SCENE-PAINTER at a provincial theatre, lately daubed a fleet of ships for the *English Fleet.* His performance was so indifferent, that the same scene was afterwards used for the *Forest of Arden*, in the play of *As You Like It.*" On being told by the manager that his *ships* were like *trees*, he observed, "then I am correct in my delineation, for Homer says, a fleet is a moving *wood.*"

---

THE following hand-bill was distributed at a late masquerade, by Sir

Sir T. Gage, in the character of Sylvester Daggerwood :—

"Grand Histrionic Rooms, up ten pair of stairs, at the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers, in Billingsgate.

"For the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Daggerwood, will be performed (by particular desire of several ladies and gentlemen of the very first distinction) the grand serio-comico-farcico-pantomimico Melo-Drama, called *A Whale in a Butter-Boat.* In seven acts and a half.—King of the Pigmies, Mr. Daggerwood; the Irish Giant, Mrs. Daggerwood; John Roast Beef, Mr. Apollo Daggerwood; Lady Dandlecub, Mrs. Tag; and the Butter-Boat, by Miss Melpomene Daggerwood, who will sing the admired song of *Nobody coming to marry me*, to a full band of marrow-bones and cleavers.

"After which will be represented, Shakespeare's Tragedy of *Macbeth.* In one short act.—Macbeth, King of Scotland, Mr. Daggerwood, in which he will introduce a favourite *pas seul.*—Lady Macbeth, (with a candle) Mrs. Daggerwood; Candle Snuffer, Master Daggerwood; Extinguisher, Miss Melpomene Daggerwood :—Sun, Moon, and Stars, Ghosts, Devils, and Witches, by the rest of the company.

"To begin at six o'clock.—Boxes, 6d.—Pit, 3d.—Gallery, 1½d. Tickets delivered by Mr. and Mrs. Daggerwood, at the Cow and the Snuffers, and at all other places of fashionable resort in this metropolis.—God save the King."

---

A *Grave* Bull.—The following epitaph is to be found in Kirkeel church-yard.—"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicolls, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1758.—*Had he* LIVED, *he would have been buried here.*"

---

Spanish Pride.—A Florentine, walking with a Spaniard in Florence during the time of the Medici, they met the Grand Duke, with his brother, the Cardinal.—The Florentine asked his companion if he was not highly delighted with seeing those two Princes? The Spaniard, after being repeatedly asked, at length replied : "In Spain, we have forty equal to your Cardinal; ten equal to your Grand Duke; two equal to the Pope, and one equal to God.—The forty, are the forty Canons of Toledo; the ten, are the ten Grandees of Spain; the two equal to the Pope, are the Archbishops of Toledo and Seville; and the one equal with God is our King."

---

There are two Members in the House of Commons, named Montagu Mathew, and Mathew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man, and the latter a little man. During the present Session of Parliament, the Speaker, having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a *Horse Chesnut* and a *Chesnut Horse.*

---

A political Fishmonger is happy to find, that the brave *Fins* go on *swimmingly*, and has no doubt the dear *soles* will very shortly *plaice* the Russians, so as to beat them like *stock fish.*

---

At a late review of a volunteer corps, not twenty miles from York, the Major, who gave the word, not finding the men so expert as he

he wished, was perpetually calling, "*As you were—As you were,*"—and putting them twice through the ordered manœuvre; the Inspecting Officer at length losing all patience, exclaimed, "*As you were!*—No; I'll be d—d if you are as you were; for you are not half so good as you were the last time I saw you."

---

In a field by the road-side, near the Holmwood Common, between Horsham and Dorking, is set up a board with the following inscription:—

Who so Ever
Is Fond stilling
Turners In this Ground
Will be perse
Cuted as the Law Directs

---

A few days ago, a respectable druggist at Blackburn received the following curious epistle:—"Will you Send me help for Babey That is 9 weeks of age it is Greatley fulfild with a Cough and if it Please your honour Sir Will you Right it down how it must Be-taken."

---

EPITAPH.

HERE lies *Thomas Cole*,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner:
While chewing his crust,
He was turn'd into dust,
With his crimes undigested, poor sinner!

---

A few days ago, in the neighbourhood of Midhurst, a man took up and carried away one of the *mile-stones*; he was had before a magistrate, who, during the examination, enquiring of him what he intended to do with it, the man innocently replied, he was going to make a *hog-trough*; upon hearing of which, the magistrate committed him to Petworth Bridewell, there to remain, and take some rest before he set about so arduous a task.

---

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, it was the custom, (as Lord Molesworth informs us, in his Account of Denmark) at the end of every royal hunting-match, in order to conclude the entertainment with as much festivity as it had begun, to issue a proclamation, enjoining every one to stand forth and accuse such as had transgressed the known laws of hunting. As soon as the contravention was ascertained, the culprit was made to kneel down between the horns of the stag that had been hunted; two of the gentlemen then removed the skirts of his coat, when the King, taking a small long wand in his hand, laid a certain number of blows, which were proportioned to the greatness of the offence, whilst, in the mean time, the huntsmen, with their brass horns, and the dogs, with loud openings, proclaimed the King's justice, and the culprit's punishment.

---

A player, in a theatrical barn, having undertaken a great *tragic character* for his *benefit*, after ranting and strutting through the first act, addressed the audience in his *own* character, in words to the following effect:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am assured by some of my best friends, that they came here to *serve* me, not to *see* me; and that *you* would rather see *any body* else in the *part* than myself;—I shall, therefore, (as it is my duty to please you as far as lies in my power) just put off my *whiskers*—*wipe* my face, and give you the *wooden shoe dance*."

ON

### ON A PRINTING OFFICE.

THE *World's* a *Printing-Office*, our *words* are *thoughts*,
Our *deeds* are *characters* of several sizes;
Each *Soul* is a *Compositor*, of whose faults
The Levites are *Correctors*, Heav'n revises.
*Death* is the common *press*, from whence being driven,
We're gather'd *sheet* by *sheet*, and bound for *Heaven*.

---

ANECDOTE, from the Spaniard's Letters from England.—Speaking of the plunder and animosity which so long subsisted between the English and Scotch borderers, this entertaining writer says—" Though their plundering habits are laid aside, they retain much of their old rude manners and barbarous spirit. An instance of this we hear from our companion :—A borderer, of the name of Taylor, who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbours, fell sick, and being given over, sent for his enemy, that they might be reconciled. 'Ah,' said he, when the man entered the room, 'I am very bad, very bad indeed—d'ye think I shall die ?'—'Why, hope not, (replied his visitor) hope not; to be sure you are very bad, but for all that, perhaps, you may do yet.' 'No, no, (said the other) I shall die, I know I shall die—and so I have sent for you, that I may not go out of the world in enmity with any one. So, d'ye see, we'll be friends. The quarrel between us is all over—all over—and so give me your hand.' Accordingly, this token of reconciliation was performed, and the other took his leave; when, just as he was closing the door after him, the sick man cried out—'But stop, if I should not die this time, this is to go for nothing: mind now—it's all to be just as it was before, if I do not die.'

### EPIGRAM ON A LATE BATTLE.

BEHOLD, great King, at Fate's command,
(Thus sung the leader of the band)
Where sleeps poor old Darius!
On the bare earth repos'd he lies,
Without a friend to *close his eyes*—
When dead, none e'er come nigh us.

Poor Pagans, ignorant and rude!—
Thank Heav'n! such base ingratitude
Our Christian age can't sully:
GREGSON, for thee kind Fate supplies
A pious friend to *close thy eyes*,
And that dear friend is—GULLEY.

---

AN Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said—" Sir, if my master should say — Paddy, what did the gentleman give you; what would your honour have me to tell him!"

---

THE principal emulation of the present day, is between the *Funny Club*, the *Whip Club*, and the *Pedestrians*. The merit of the first is in the *skull*, of the second in the *hand*, and of the third in the *leg*.

---

A *German* dramatic author has published a new play, entitled, " *The Benevolent Cut-throat*," in which he has a most felicitous idea, that of the *Moon fainting away*.—This is certainly an improvement on Shakspeare (who, by the bye, must be allowed to have had a pretty knack at writing), for he only makes the moon sleep.

---

*Five Plagues of a Village*.—A Lawyer with great knowledge and no justice :—A Physician with little skill :—A Methodist Preacher:—A Democratic Politician :—and a dogmatic Man of Letters!

## HINTS
### TO THE
## BEARERS OF WALKING-STICKS AND UMBRELLAS.

*Illustrated with Six Engravings, Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.*

THIS new work possesses an uncommon degree of humour, both for the eye and the ear. The learning, too, of the author, is truly recondite, in his notices of the derivations and variations of the simple staff to the sceptre of the monarch, the spear of the warrior, the javelin of the hunter, the shepherd's crook, the Bacchanal's thyrsus, the Bishop's crosier, the magician's wand, canes, switches, sword-sticks, bamboos, supple-jacks, &c. &c.

In the second chapter the author treats of the various modes of miscarrying walking sticks and umbrellas, to the general annoyance of all passengers in the streets, as follows :

Not few are the inventions which plain utility recommend in their origin, but which in the process of time the power of fashion has debased into useless decoration. The shield that protected the hardy limbs of the ancient hero, now decorates the coach-door of his effeminate descendants. The walking stick, designed, as I have shewn above, for the support of the weary and infirm, is now borne in the hand by millions, who pretend not to consider it as an article of use, but as a mere ornament. It is still employed by many, I must own, for the very purposes to which it was originally destined, but to those the following remarks will be rarely found to apply.

Every one, who has ever walked through the crowded street of any town, must have met with considerable obstruction and annoyance from the awkward manner in which the greater part of mankind carry both walking sticks and umbrellas. The pavement is a free common, of which all have a right to partake, but it is not without stint; and if one, by his inattention to the convenience of others, unnecessarily occupies the space of four or six, he is justly to be regarded as a common nuisance, which every one has a right to abate, committing as little violation of the King's peace as possible. The selfish and stupid indifference to the feelings of others, displayed by men of all ranks, from the lounger of noble blood to the common brandisher of a cart-whip, in this particular, must continually strike the observation of every one who finds leisure to reflect in the street upon the passing multitude. One man, a gentleman not wilfully rude, not malicious, but without reflection, dips his cane into the mud, and then wipes the dirty ferule on the clean dress of the next woman who passes. Another twirls his stick in the air, though sure to strike some one near him, to break a lamp, or to jerk the dirt over the backs and faces of passengers before and behind. A third fixes his cane or umbrella under his arm: if he moves strait forward, the ferule behind impales the eye of one who follows with a brisker step; or if it should slope downward, stabs his breast, and soils his dress. If the bearer of the stick so placed turn himself sideways in the street, he becomes a sort of turnstile; his stick extends over the whole pavement, the near-sighted are struck in the neck or face, and all are obliged to remove it, or remonstrate. The more common inconvenience to passengers in a hurry arises from the oblique direction in which the generality

generality place their sticks upon the ground, engrossing thereby an undue portion of the pavement, and infallibly tripping up those who do not narrowly look to their steps. I shall endeavour to display, in a series of distinct propositions, the quantum of encroachment on the public right of way, and consequent injury to passengers in general, from some of the principal instances of stick nuisances, and occasionally suggest such methods of handling both walking sticks and umbrellas, as seem most consonant to graceful attitudes, most convenient to the ease of the walker, and least likely to incommode the public.

The author then enumerates, as follows, some of the principal encroachers on the public way, thus: —the fencer, the twirler, the arguer, the trailer, the Parthian, the unicorn, the turnstile :—umbrella-bearers he distinguishes by the characteristic names of shield-bearers, sky-strikers, mud-scoopers, and inverters.

1. The fencer is commonly a boy just presented with a gaily varnished cane or stick, by some kind aunt or godmother, or grandmama, or bearing their first purchase with their present in money. He has perhaps seen fencers on the stage. The shining ferule reminds him of a sword, and he pokes it with an awkward flourish between the legs, against the breasts or faces of all he meets. It is soon broken by some petulant passenger, or between the spokes of a coach-wheel, or the rails of an area.

2. The twirler is usually some gay youth, just allowed to walk in the streets without an attendant, in his first vacation from college. Ambitious to exhibit an easy *nonchalance*, he whirls his cane in the air by means of a ribbon or leather passed through a hole in the head. He thus dashes off the hat or bonnet of one, throws dirt over another: a broil is excited—the youth is resolute—he receives a drubbing, and talks of a challenge.—Men-milliners, linen-drapers' apprentices, and bankers' and attornies' clerks, are commonly twirlers. For a charming description of the effects of twirling, see the story of the Little Notary, in Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

3. The arguer endeavours to supply with the head of his cane, some deficiency in his own. I do not allude to that species of baculine argument, in the course of which the disputant knocks down his opponent, but to that milder sort, in which the head of the stick, held in the right hand, is pressed into the palm of the left with force proportionate to the supposed cogency of the position. In this case, the lower end of the cane is thrown out sideways, to the great impediment of passers. More vehement orators occasionally brandish the cane like a truncheon, or scroll of the leader of a band, smashing thereby a projecting shop window, together with the exhibited specimens of Seve or Shropshire china.

4. The trailer indolently drags his stick after him. Most loungers, men whose thoughts are never engaged in any thing, and men whose minds are fully occupied, are equally liable to err in this way.—The stick extends nearly a yard behind them. When they cross a street, the wheel of a carriage frequently passes over the trailed stick, and breaks it. This is a fortunate accident, but it is no compensation to the many passengers, who, in their haste, have been tripped

up

up by it, and thrown into the mud.

5. The Parthian, as every body knows, while his horse galloped, shot his arrows with dexterous aim behind him. Thus many fix the head of their cane or umbrella close under their arm, preserving it firm in a horizontal position, or somewhat inclining upwards: hence, an inadvertent or dim-sighted follower receives the dirty end in his mouth, or stabs his eye against the pointed ferule, which, like a reverted spear, wounds those who follow, instead of those who meet its bearer.

6. The unicorn is the converse of the Parthian. His formidable horn projects, and forces a passage through the crowd for the resolute charger. The stick grasped by the head, with the end advanced in the manner of a spear or bayonet, characterises the bullying buck, and many varieties of vulgar swaggerers. There is, moreover, a species of unicorn, destitute of ferocity in appearance, but not less incommoding to passengers; he may be called the unicorn *au corne baissé*, as he drives the point of his cane like a plough before him on the pavement.—This is an awkwardness of men who are subject to abstraction or absence of mind, or who wish to assume an air of reverie.

The turnstile, instead of fixing his cane or umbrella, like the Parthian, so that it may extend its whole length behind, or advancing it wholly before like the unicorn, places it under his arm in such manner, that it may extend equally both behind and before. Now, though it does not extend nearly so far in either direction as in each of the former instances, it produces the united inconvenience of both. In fact, a man so circumstanced engrosses the rightful portion of three men at least on the pavement; and when he turns round, his stick describes a circle of space which might fairly be occupied by five.—An absent man, of the turnstile species, was walking through a street, when two men, with coal sacks on their shoulders, endeavoured to pass on either side; the elbows of the coal-heavers struck against the extremities of his umbrella; the force of their advance rolled him into the gutter; the shock overthrew the coal sacks from the heads of the bearers; the unfortunate turnstile wallowed in the mud, was sorely bruised, and nearly buried and stifled under six bushels of small coal.

Common sense, and a small degree of sympathy with general distress, point out an easy method of avoiding all the above disorders, viz. that the cane or closed umbrella should be borne as close to the body, as near to the front as possible, and constantly in a perpendicular position. I take leave to suggest, to young gentlemen in general, that nothing is truly graceful, which is manifestly in direct opposition to utility.

A word or two on expanded umbrellas. The shield-bearer drives his umbrella before him, covering completely his head and body. He can see nobody in front, and he occupies the whole pavement: he either runs against every one before him, or compels them to step into the gutter. If, however, he should meet with a unicorn, the cane of the latter pierces and rends the silk or varnished cover of the umbrella. Thus rival follies and contending vices mutually annoy each other to the furtherance of justice, and to the

the advantage of the community. When two passengers meet and wish to pass, with spread umbrellas, each should incline his pole in the angle 45, to his proper side; thus neither will be incommoded. When two meet a third, the centre should elevate, and the outside slope umbrellas. The generality are sky-strikers or mud-scoopers. Every passer either jirks up his umbrella to the sky, whereby the shorter endangers with the points of his whalebone the eyes of the taller, or dashes it to the ground so as to impede all passage; the latter case is the last degree of awkwardness, and chiefly occurs amongst the most vulgar servant-maids and young children. These are called mud-scoopers, from plunging the edges of their instrument by such means into the dirt.

Inverters are those careless beings who present the inside of the umbrella to the wind, whereby the cover is turned inside out, and commonly much lacerated, while they impede the progress of many a time-pressed citizen during their awkward attempts to re-arrange it.

---

## BREACH OF THE GAME LAWS.

### COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

ON Wednesday, May the 4th, Mr. Park moved for leave to enter a nonsuit in a case entitled *Wornford* v. *Kendall*, tried at York assizes, and a verdict obtained for the plaintiff. It was an action arising out of a breach of the Game Laws, for exposing a hare to sale, and it appeared that the defendant had been appointed by the steward of the manor to look after some poachers.

The plaintiff coursing one day, killed a hare, and the animal fell dead near the defendant's feet; he took the hare up, and walked away with it, and it was for this act the present action was brought, the Game Laws authorising the conclusion that the having game in possession improperly, is an exposure to sale; it was, however, further proved, that the defendant took the hare to the steward.

Mr. Justice Lawrence was of opinion that the action would not lie; but the plaintiff's counsel quoted the case of *Molton* v. *Cheesely*, from *Mr. Espinasse's Reports*, *p.* 123, wherein a man was held by Mr. Justice Buller to have committed an offence against the Game Laws, by picking up a pheasant that had been accidentally killed by his dog, and carrying it away; Mr. Justice Buller upon that occasion said, "if it appeared that the bird was killed by accident, that that was no offence, but that in such case it should be left where the bird was killed, for if it was taken away, it subjects the party to a penalty for having game in his possession."—And the plaintiff in this case recovered 5l. for the offence.

Mr. Justice Lawrence said, if that was the law, certainly the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict, and therefore ordered a verdict to be entered accordingly, subject to the opinion of the Court, upon the accuracy of the case cited.

Mr. Park said, if what he had stated was to be construed an offence, game of all kinds, if found dead on the land, must in future be left to be crushed in high roads, by

by carriages, rather than be taken up by unqualified persons.

The Court seemed to think the report of *Molton* v. *Cheesely* inaccurate, and desired Mr. Park to take a rule to shew cause.

## BOXING.

THE battle between *Dockarty*, of pugilistic note, and a Scots baker, of the name of *Peatikin*, the former having been backed 40 guineas to 20 against his adversary, was decided on Saturday, June 11, at Goolder's Green, on the Hendon-road, in the presence of a miscellaneous company of several hundreds, from the duke, marquis, and lord, down to the costermongers and kids of the metropolis. Dockarty is known to the public as a professional fighter, who was beaten by young Belcher a few weeks since on Epsom Downs. The Scots baker, who has recently beaten a couple of novices, entered the lists with no very favourable omen, as the result of the contest verified; he had to contend with a good fighter, in speaking generally of Dockarty, because he possesses, in a certain degree, a little of every requisite, and added to this he was a tried bottom man. The combatants set to at one o'clock, and bettings were seven to four on Dockarty. It would not gratify even the amateur to detail the rounds of the battle, for although Dockarty evidently was not in fighting condition, his adversary never gave a turn to the betting.—Dockarty had something the best of the first round after the baker had made play, and the second round also ended very materially in Dockarty's favour.—The combatants rallied in this round, and exchanged hits, and whilst thus contending, Dockarty took most of the fight out of his adversary, by a well planted hit at length, on the baker's head, which dropped him dexterously. Bets were offered three to one, and this odds was never lessened during the combat. Peatikin often hit his adversary, but his blows, even in vigour, were inoffensive. He appeared before Dockarty (who never fought so bad) a greater novice, than even these novices he had beaten, appeared before him; and in the latter rounds of the battle he shewed some currish manœuvres. The baker had received a hideous black eye in the second round, and he had some body hits. He gave in after fighting three quarters of an hour, without taking any material harm, and if not entirely to the satisfaction of his friends, he displayed more judgment than he had done in any part of the combat.

As the day was fixed on for *elegant* pastime, so it finished with the baiting of the bull.

## REMARKABLE YEW TREE.

PERHAPS there is one of the greatest curiosities, in a yew tree, at Grasford, in Denbeighshire, North Wales, (eight English miles from the city of West Chester) that ever was recorded in the annals of history.

In the church-yard, at this village are growing nineteen yew trees, one of which has been an evergreen upwards of four hundred years, at the will of its owners, in that sacred ground.

Its

Its circumference was taken by a curious traveller in antiquity, on Wednesday the 11th of May, 1808, and is of the following dimensions. —The circumference of the body *(or bole)* of this said yew tree, one foot from the ground, is the enormous size of *seven yards eighteen inches*; and its circumference, five feet from the ground, is *nine yards nine inches*; two of the great arms are dead, and two more are following very rapidly, yet there still remain a sound body, and seven great arms that are still in a thriving state; and it is supposed will *pilot old age* through another long century, before it will resign itself, drop into, and amongst the graves of the ancient dead, which it has so many long centuries shaded.

This tree has stood in the reign of *seventeen kings, three queens, and the commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell*; viz. from the reign of Henry IV. 1399, to the present time.

---

## PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF STAMFORD.

STAMFORD is own brother to *Mr. Teazle, Archduke,* and *Paris*; was bred by Sir Frank Standish, Bart. and sold, after racing, to Colonel Childers, for a stallion.

*Stamford* was got by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, (own sister to Greybeard and Achilles) by Eclipse; grandam, Countess, (Delpini's dam) by Blank, Rib, Wynne's Arabian, Governor, out of an own sister to the Duke of Ancaster's Gentleman, by Mr. Alcock's Arabian,—Lord Bristol's Grasshopper, a son of the Byerley Turk.)

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1797, *Stamford*, 8st. beat Emigrant, 8st. 3lb. R. M. 200gs. —Seven to 4 on Stamford.—And received 150gs. from the Duke of Bedford's Mufti colt.

At Epsom, in June, (after being beat for the Derby Stakes) at 8st. 7lb. he beat Louisa, 8st. 4lb. the last mile and a half, 200gs.— Three to 1 on Stamford.

At Stamford, in July, at 8st. 7lb. he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (15 subscribers) once round and a distance, beating Razor, 8st. 2lb.; Plaistow, 8st. 5lb.; Petworth, 8st. 2lb.; Niké, 8st. 5lb.; and Peeping Tom, 8st. 7lb.—Even betting on Stamford.

At Doncaster, on Tuesday, he was second to Lounger, for the St. Leger Stakes.—On Wednesday, he won the Gold Cup, four miles, beating Patriot, Moorcock, Trimbush, Garswood, &c.—Five to 1 against Stamford.—And the next day, he ran four two-mile heats, against Warter, Pepperpot, &c.— *Stamford's* racing and travelling this year (three years old) has not hitherto been equalled.

At York August Meeting, 1798, *Stamford* won the Subscription-Purse, of 175gs. for four-year old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. four miles, beating Tartar, Razor, Lopcatcher, &c.—Seven to 4 agst Stamford.—And the next day, at 7st. 7lb. he won the Ladies' Plate, for horses, &c. four miles, beating Lounger, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb.; Harry Rowe, 5 years old, 8st. 5lb.; and Dapple, 4 years old, 7st. 7lb. —Five to 4 against Stamford.

At Doncaster, at 7st. 11lb. he won the Gold Cup, for all ages, four miles, beating Timothy, four years old, 7st. 7lb.; Warter, four years old, 7st. 7lb.; Honest John, four years old, 7st. 7lb.; and three others.

others.—Stamford and Timothy ran a dead heat, but being run over again, was won cleverly by the former, who carried 4lb. extra, for winning at York.—Thirteen to 8 on Stamford; after the dead heat, 2 to 1 he won.—And the next day, at 8st. 11lb. he won the 100l. Plate, beating, at three two-mile heats, Knowsley, 3 years old, 7st. 9lb.; Quatorze, 3 years old, 7st. 3lb.; Tartar, 4 years old, 8st. 7lb. &c. —Six to 4 against Stamford; after the second heat, 7 and 8 to 1 he won.

At York August Meeting, 1799, *Stamford*, 11st. 6lb. won the King's Plate, four miles, beating Agnes, 4 years old, 10st. 4lb.; and Camperdown, 4 years old, 10st. 4lb. —Seven to 4 against Stamford.—On Wednesday he ran a very severe heat against Timothy, beating Tartar and Wonder.—And on Saturday, at 8st. 5lb. he won the Ladies' Plate, 4 miles, beating Camperdown and Collector, both 4-year olds, 7st. 9lb. each.—Two and 3 to 1 on Stamford.—He started several times in 1800 and 1801, but proved unsuccessful.

In 1802, 3, 4, 5, and 1806, he covered at Carr-House, near Doncaster, at 5gs. and 5s.; in 1807, at Cantley, near Doncaster, at the same price; and in 1808, at Cantley, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—He is a dark brown, 15 hands 2 inches high, with great bone, and was a stout honest racer, and is sire of the following winners, viz.

Mr. Mellish's Luck's-All, and Comrade.
Mr. Clowes's Bessy Carr.
Sir M. M. Sykes's Sir Sacripant, and Anna-Maria.
Mr. Marris's Sir Sampson.
Colonel Childers's Baron.
Mr. T. Duncombe's Laurel-Leaf.
Mr. Elwes's Miss Sophia.
Mr. Wilson's bay filly, out of Miss Judy.
Mr. Uppleby's bay filly, dam by Toby.
Mr. Robinson's br. filly, out of Belle-Fille.
Mr. Acred's Wansford.
Mr. Richardson's bay filly, out of Coriolanus's dam; and
Mr. Vansittart's Burleigh.

---

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1808.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BIBURY | *July* | 4 |
| Ipswich | | 5 |
| Nantwich | | 6 |
| Newmarket July Meeting | | 11 |
| Preston | | 12 |
| Stockbridge | | 14 |
| Canterbury | | 19 |
| Winchester | | 19 |
| Chelmsford | | 19 |
| Knutsford | | 26 |
| Salisbury | | 26 |
| Newbury | *Aug.* | 2 |
| Swansea | | 9 |
| Nottingham | | 9 |
| Blandford | | 9 |
| Newcastle, Staffordshire | | 10 |
| Derby | | 16 |
| Reading | | 16 |
| Exeter | | 16 |
| York August Meeting, (Saturday the entrance day) | | 20 |
| Egham | | 23 |
| Warwick, | *Sept.* | 6 |
| Air, Scotland | | 13 |
| Kingscote | | 20 |
| Lincoln | | 21 |
| Newmarket First October Meeting | *Oct.* | 3 |
| .......... Second Ditto | | 17 |
| .......... Houghton Meeting | | 31 |

VIPER.

## VIPER.

THE picture from which our etching is taken is from the much-admired pencil of Mr. Ward, a gentleman well known for his excellence as an animal painter; this circumstance, and the singularity of the dog himself, entitles him to a place in our Magazine.

The colour of Viper was a brown tan, and the qualities usually belonging to terriers he possessed in a very great degree; but what makes him most remarkable is, his uncommon courage, of which Mr. Ward, to whom he formerly belonged, had frequent opportunities of witnessing, having at the same time a large bull-dog, much superior in size and strength to Viper, but notwithsanding this, they never met each other without a battle being the consequence; and when this happened, no beating whatever would separate them, nor was there any way of effecting it, but by rolling them both in a pond, and even then they would continue to hold each other as long as they could keep together above water; he was extremely faithful to his master, and would take a moderate chastisement from him, but if continued too long and too severe, he would be sure to retaliate, and on these occasions was no less remarkable for his obstinate courage, as he could not be compelled to be the first to give up the dispute.

He was very fond of going out with horses, and at such times was accustomed to take such violent exercise, as frequently to throw him into fits, which, however, were attended with no other inconvenience, than retarding his progress for a short time.

## THE METAMORPHOSE OF A BASHFUL MAN.

*Verbum sapientiæ sat est.*

I Am the son of a Sussex farmer, and was naturally of a *timid* and *bashful* disposition, which circumstance made my father very averse to my being of his own profession, as it was his maxim that no one could make a good farmer, who could not leap hedges and ditches, and keep up close with the fox-hounds. So, after some consideration, it was determined among my friends that I should be of the medical profession, to which I readily assented, as I thought at that time, that doctors had nothing to do (comparatively speaking) but to take the money and put it into their pockets; so, after a proper education, I settled as surgeon and apothecary in a small town about twenty miles from London. My first customer was one of those fine ladies commonly called *Ladies' Maids*, who, accompanied by half a dozen of the same description, came bouncing into my shop, and, with such an air of impudence and assurance, that I really believe would have abashed even B——d himself, asked me if I sold hartshorn, which, after answering in the affirmative, I proceeded to serve her with; but their presence had put me into such a confusion and flustration, that instead of taking the hartshorn bottle, I took the one next to it, and which (as I afterwards discovered) contained *aqua fortis*, or, pump-water; but that I suppose answered her purpose, as, after smelling to it, and turning up her nose, she declared that it was the best hartshorn she ever smelt to in her life; which plainly shewed

*Painted by J. Ward.* *Etchd by H.R. Cook*

*Viper*

*Published May 1.1808, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square London.*

shewed she did not come for hartshorn, but to see the new young doctor and his shop; they then left me, and as soon as they had got out of the house, I heard one of them exclaim,—" What a poor little bashful thing it is!" I was not left long to reflect on this, before I was summoned to wait on and to bleed my Lady B———, who resided about a mile from the town. I instantly mounted my horse, and having arrived there, I was ushered into my lady's dressing-room, where I found her lying on a sofa, with two of her fine ladies standing by her; I was desired to proceed with the operation, but the impudent eyes of the ladies had again put me into such confusion, and made my hand shake to such a degree, that I could scarcely hold the lancet; and when I came to make the incision, a sudden jerk of my lady's arm, together with the shaking of my hand, had such an effect on the lancet, as to drive it in about half an inch farther than was necessary; of course the blood spouted forth, my lady fainted, and in a minute the whole house was in an uproar, in the midst of which I mounted my horse, and rode off for this metropolis, resolved never to return to the place or the lancet again. I am now waiting a favourable opportunity to become a farmer, and consequently a useful member of society; among which class of men I am at present.

IGNOTUS.

*London, April 19, 1808.*

## CRICKET MATCHES.

THE grand match at cricket, in Lord's Ground, which commenced playing on Monday the 30th ult. between ten gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, and Howard, against eleven of the county of Middlesex, for five hundred guineas aside, was decided the following day, in favour of the latter, by eighty-three runs.

THE grand match on Lord's Ground, on Monday the 6th instant, and two following days, for one thousand guineas aside, between eight gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with Beldam, Robinson, and T. Walker, and seven gentlemen of the Homerton Club, with Lambert, Hammond, Bennett, and Small, was decided in favour of the former by 156 runs. The following is a state of the innings:—

| *Mary-le-bone Club.* | | *Homerton Club.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First Innings | 264 | First Innings | 84 |
| Second Ditto | 141 | Second Ditto | 165 |
| | 405 | | 249 |

ON Thursday the 16th instant, a match was played on Streatham Common, between eleven gentlemen of the Streatham Club and eleven gentlemen of the Berkeley Club, which was decided in favour of the latter by eight wickets.

## ATTACHMENT IN BRUTES.

AS a milkman, at Manchester, who has a small horse for the purpose of carrying the pails, and is likewise followed by a terrier dog, was going his round lately, the dog was attacked by another of his species, when a fight ensued; and, strange to say, in the violence of the contest, the little horse run at the dog opposed to his friend, and seizing him by the back of the neck, gave him a violent shake, and threw him over his head:—a most singular instance of sagacity and attachment in the brute creation.

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday March 8, the Rathfarnham Hunt enlarged a bag fox on the commons of Crumlin, Ireland, when Reynard, tardy to begin a new journey, was obliged to be hooted and whipped into motion; he at length resolved to run his chance as to the future, by escaping from present evils, and accordingly set off in full career.—After affording an animated run for twelve miles, he took to the hills, crossing Cappure, and the mountains in the vicinity; the horsemen were thus thrown out.—The hounds, staunch, vigorously and closely continued the pursuit:—On the Wednesday evening the hounds had not returned; the huntsman attempted to follow on foot, but was bewildered in the course.—This was the fourth hunt the same fox had given, and at each afforded admirable good sport.

THE following remarkable circumstance took place at the last Epsom races:—*Comrade* won the three 50l. Plates, viz. on Wednesday, at four two-mile heats; on Thursday and Friday at three two-mile heats each; a performance never before equalled in the annals of the turf.

IT was allowed by superior judges, that F. Collinson, who rode *Pan*, for the Derby Stakes, won the race by good riding and his excellent judgment in waiting. —After the race, the owners of *Vandyke, Rubens*, and *Clinker*, offered to run *Pan* single, at the same weight and length, which was not accepted.

MONDAY, June 6, being settling day at Tattersall's for the sporting concerns at the late Epsom races, the *Turf Exchange* was crowded at an early hour, and bets to the amount of thousands were finally settled; the most distinguished *legs* were present, and proved the principal *receivers-general;* but two or three of the inferior order, who went on the *wrong side of the post* on Epsom Downs, were looked for in vain!

WILLIAM Garforth, Esq. has sold the three following three-year old colts to Sir Charles Turner, Bart. for 2000gs. viz. Bay Colt, by Hambletonian, out of Caroline, (Evander's dam), by Phenomenon; —Chesnut Colt, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora, (Lismahago's dam), by King Fergus;—Chesnut colt, by Hambletonian, out of Rosalind, (Hyacinthus's dam), by Phenomenon.—*Caroline* was out of Faith, by Pacolet;—and *Faith* was out of Atalanta, by Match'em.—*Flora* and *Rosalind* were both out of Atalanta.—Sir Charles Turner has matched the above three colts to run at Newmarket, in October next, for which *see our Racing Intelligence Extra, page* 40.

LORD Stawell has sold Deceiver, by Buzzard, to Lord Sackville, for 1000gs.

LORD Darlington has purchased Rubens (brother to Castrel and Selim), by Buzzard, of the Prince, for 1200gs.

MR. Sitwell refused 2000gs for Clinker, before starting for the Derby

Derby Stakes.—He is the first favourite, (in the south) and Mr. Clifton's Poulton (in the north) for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster:—and 5 to 1 has been taken but Peter Plimley wins the St. Leger Stakes.

Sir Charles Turner has purchased Mr. Perren's Stables, at Newmarket, for Mr. Dixon Boyes.

Mr. Wentworth has sold Irenè, by Zachariah, to Mr. C. Fothergill, of York, for a brood mare.—She has since been covered by *Ditto*, by Sir Peter Teazle.

John Clifton, Esq. and John Parker (jun.) Esq. are appointed Stewards for Manchester Races next year.

Mr. Kerby has sold his chesnut colt Fancy, by Delpini, dam by Rockingham, to the Duke of Leeds.—He is engaged in a Stakes at York August Meeting, 1809.

Cocking.—On Monday, the 30th ult. commenced fighting, at the Cock-Pit Royal, the South-side of St James's Park, London, the first year of the Great Main, between the gentlemen of Northamptonshire and those of Yorkshire, for 20gs a battle, and 500gs the main.—Feeders, Potter for Northamptonshire, and Gilliver for Yorkshire. The following is a statement:—

| *Potter.* | M. | B. | *Gilliver.* M. | B. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Monday, ....... | 3 | 0 | ............ 2 | 2 |
| Tuesday, ....... | 4 | 1 | ............ 1 | 2 |
| Wednesday, ... | 2 | 0 | ............ 3 | 3 |
| Thursday, ..... | 0 | 0 | ............ 6 | 2 |
| Friday, .......... | 2 | 1 | ............ 4 | 1 |
| Saturday, ........ | 2 | 0 | ............ 4 | 2 |
| Total | 13 | 2 | 20 | 12 |

Manchester Cocking.—In the race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between Potter and Harrison, which was won by the former by 4 a-head.

Newton Cocking.—In the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Lord Derby and Richard Legh, Esq. for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, consisting of 39 main and 8 byes. Goodall and Gilliver feeders, which was won by the former by 7 a-head.

Wrestling.—The wrestling at Falmouth, this month, was one of the greatest ever known in Cornwall. The company was numerous and respectable beyond example in latter times, and most of the first champions of the county exhibited. Mr. Higgs, of Probus, and Absalom Bennetts, of Gwennap, were the sticklers. [The latter of these veterans has won in his time 22 gold-laced hats, beside a great number of other prizes. He bore off the prize seven years successively at Probus games.]—The sport at Falmouth lasted two days; the silver goblet was won by Richard Jolly, of St. Enoder; the cup by Henry Chipman, of Redruth; the gold-laced hat by Stephen Symons, of Redruth; and the silver-laced hat by Stephen Mitchells, of Gwennap. A bye-match between Uren, of Penryn, who challenged the field, and Chapman, for 10gs. aside, and considerable sums in bye-bets, excited much interest; but on the fourth spur, Uren complained that he had sprained his wrist, and gave in.—A gold-laced hat was also wrestled for on Tuesday, on Feock Downs, and won by James Barry, of Mawgan in Pyder.—A hat, was also wrestled for on Wednesday at Truro, and won by —— Crapp, of Padstow, a seaman belonging to his Majesty's ship Tromp.—On a stage erected

erected in Illogan, six persons danced for a prize, to the no small amusement of more than 2000 persons.

We have the pleasure to inform the amateurs in the art of change ringing, that the Oldham Youths, of Lancashire, have challenged the College Youths of Ashton-under-Line, in the said county, to ring them Mr. John Holt's Ten-Course Peal, of 501 changes, each course of Grandsire Tripples.—The College Youths have accepted the challenge to ring them for 40gs. a peal, in the above method, containing a true and complete peal of 5040 changes *only*, at St. Michael's Church, Flixton, near Manchester, all in the said county, on the 25th day of June inst.—Weight of the tenor, 14*Cwt.* 2*Qrs.* and 24*Lb.*

Betting for the St. Leger Stakes, at Tattersall's, Monday, June 20:—

9 to 2 against Peter Plimley, by Hambletonian.

6 to 1 against Poulton, by Sir Peter Teazle.

6 to 1 against Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle.

8 to 1 against Laurel-leaf, by Stamford.

8 to 1 against Mr. Peirse's colt, by Expectation, out of Rosamond.

55 to 50 field against any three.

Trotting Match.—It has been made known that a horse, the property of Mr. Progers, which, a few weeks since, was sold for seven guineas, was backed to trot seventeen miles in one hour. The distance has very rarely been performed, although the wonderful mare, called the Phenomena, once did nineteen miles within an hour. The stake for this match was 250l. to 100l. The horse started, with a seven-stone jockey, at eight o'clock, on Saturday morning, June the 18th, as Hollesgreen, Herts, to go over some picked ground. The animal went half the distance in two minutes above half the time, and the next two miles were performed at a winning rate. After the horse had done twelve miles he began to lag, and the match was lost after fourteen miles had been performed in fifty-two minutes.

Sparring Exhibition.—The beginning of the present month, Gully and Crib had a benefit, it being the first of this season, at the Fives Court, in St. Martin's-street, which was filled with company of the first order previous to the hour appointed for the bloodless exhibition. Tickets of admission were 3s. 6d. per head; and such was the anxiety to witness the pugilists since their successful combats in Hertfordshire, that it was difficult even to press through the crowd to approach the door. The court was never seen so full of *distinguished characters* as in the present instance, and the amusement afforded *high gratification*. Several of the most distinguished pugilists of the day set to, but the couples which afforded most amusement were, Gully and Jem Belcher, and Young Belcher and Crib; the other couples which engaged were Cropley and Dogherty, Jones and Blake, Crib and Wood, &c. &c.

Boxing Matches.—On Saturday the 11th instant, two matches were made; the first between Jem Belcher (the late champion) and Crib, whose name is also sufficiently known in the sporting world. The battle will be for 200gs. aside, half forfeit. The combatants will go immediately into training, and the contest

test will take place in two months. It will be remembered, that the parties fought a closely-contested battle at Moulsey, in April, 1807, when Crib, although terribly disfigured, was the victor, Belcher's strength and vigour having failed him. Cropley is also matched to fight Edward Belcher, the elder of the three brothers, in six weeks, who is but little known as a fighting man, for 100gs.

A most obstinate pugilistic contest took place on Thursday the 9th, in the parish of Holton, near Wincanton and Cheriton Hill, between Hazard, a butcher, and John Perry, an athletic young man. They fought 37 severe rounds, when Hazard, being beaten blind, the remaining rounds were entirely in favour of Perry, who came off victor. Notwithstanding the thinness of the population in that neighbourhood, and the challenge being given only the night before, it is supposed there were nearly 1000 spectators.

A few evenings since, as Dutch Sam, the noted pugilist, was in company with a fair pugilist, of the name of Jane Egg, of Grey's-street, St. George's-fields, spending the evening at a public-house in that quarter, some difference arose between the parties, who came to blows. The lady maintained the contest during several rounds with great spirit, but at last the combatants were parted by their friends. Sam has since obtained a warrant against his antagonist, who at the same time got one against him, and this reciprocal charge of assault and battery is not yet decided.

On the 9th of this month, Thomas Jameson, of Wandsworth, a person near 50 years of age, for a wager of one guinea, ran upon the Clapham-road seven miles in the space of fifty-eight minutes, carrying at the same time a box on his back, weighing 24lb.

Pedestrianism.—By accounts which arrived in town on Friday the 24th instant, it appears that the Highland gentleman, who undertook to walk, on Sunday morning the 19th, from Vauxhall to Manchester, in 69 hours, for a bet of 500 guineas, arrived at the Bridgewater Arms, Manchester, at nine o'clock on the Wednesday evening, being one hour within the time limited.—He performed the journey in the following manner :—He arrived at ten o'clock on Sunday evening at Daventry, being at the rate of 72 miles in 21 hours, including stoppages. There he slept for six hours, and resumed his journey with alacrity. On Tuesday evening, by eleven o'clock, he arrived at Sandon, having walked at the rate of 64 miles in 19 hours and a half. Having rested here for six hours, he proceeded with full confidence of success, and arrived at Manchester, as already stated, by nine o'clock, having walked the third day 52 miles in fifteen hours and a half. Notwithstanding the precaution he used in keeping a quantity of oil in his shoes, the soles of his feet were a good deal blistered, and he was altogether very much fatigued; the cause of which he ascribed more to the heat of the weather than to any over exertion. This pedestrian's name is Macraw, a native of Kintail, Ross-shire. The principal bet is between two officers in the guards, an Englishman and a Scotsman.

On Monday morning, the 27th instant, Lord Alvanley ran a match against

against time on the Edgware road. The bet was, that he could not run a mile in six minutes; but he performed it in twenty-one seconds less than the given time. Lord F. Beauclerck was umpire. The original bet was fifty guineas, with Arthur Shakespeare, Esq.: considerable sums were betted on the occasion.

*New Game Act.*—By the Act which passed the Royal Assent on the 1st instant, the duties on Game Certificates are taken from the Stamp-office, and are in future to be collected by the Tax-office.—The money, viz. 3*l*. 3*s*. to be paid by every gentleman using any dog, gun, net, or other engine, for the purpose of taking or killing any game whatsoever, or any Woodcock, Snipe, Quail, or Land-Rail, or any Conies, in any part of Great Britain, to the Collector of the Assessed Taxes for the parish or place in which he shall reside; such collector, on receiving the said duty, and one shilling for his trouble, shall make out a receipt, which the gentleman applying is to take to the Commissioners' Clerk, who must give him in exchange, without fee or reward, a certificate, which certificate is to be produced when demanded, as heretofore.—*Game-keepers*, for whom the servant's duty is paid, 1*l*. 1*s*. each; but persons shooting under deputations, not servants, to pay 3*l*. 3*s*.—The taking Woodcocks or Snipes with nets or springs, or Conies in warrens, or by proprietors in any inclosed lands, to be *excepted* from the said duties.—The above Act declares, that neither the foregoing assessments, nor the payment thereof, nor the certificate, nor any thing in this Act contained, shall authorise any person to use any dog, gun, &c. unless such person shall be, by previous laws, qualified so to do.—Nor shall any person shooting under a deputation or deputations be hereby authorised to use any dog or gun off the manor, &c. for which he shall be deputed.

A WRIT of enquiry of damages was lately executed, at the Black Swan Inn, Hereford, between John Dutton Cott, Esq. plaintiff, and William Davies and Thomas Fenner, defendants, the former being game-keeper to Samuel Peploe, Esq. of Grhystone, and the latter coachman to Mr. Peploe, for assaulting the plaintiff in November last, in the manor of Weebley, and forcibly taking his gun from him.—The Jury, after hearing the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, assessed the damages at 60l.

MR. Western's Bill, for making it felony to commit depredations on oyster beds, puts the oyster under the immediate protection of the law. Tilburina, in *The Critic*, says, that "an oyster may be crossed in love." But this bill being passed, they cannot now be attacked with impunity. It is certain that the Romans, who highly valued the oyster, made severe regulations for their protection. Lucellus and Pollio were at an incredible expence in their lakes of sea water for fattening oysters. The former, at his villa near the promontory of Misenium, on the shore of Campania, fed and kept immense quantities of them. The famous epicure, Apicius Calius, who lived under Augustus, in his work, *De Arte Coquinaria*, or, *The Culinary Art*, treats particularly of the oyster. They were even conveyed to Rome, from the coast of Kent, under the Cæsars. These circumstances, which seem to make the oyster

oyster a classic shell-fish, may justify the British Legislature in enacting laws for their preservation.

THE DRIVING CLUB set out from London, on Thursday, the 9th instant, and made a most noble display of horses and carriages, in the following order:—

1 Sir Henry Peyton's barouche-landau, and four bays.
2 Mr. Annesley's ditto, four roans, (high bred.)
3 Sir Stephen Glynne, ditto, four bays.
4 Lord Ed. Somerset..... ditto
5 Mr. Villeboy's.......... ditto
6 Mr. Harrison's ........ ditto
7 Mr. Whitmore's........ ditto
8 Mr. O'Couver's ........ ditto
9 Sir Henry Smith's ...... ditto
10 Mr. Pierrepoint's........ ditto
11 Mr. Cox's ........... ditto
12 Sir Thomas Mostyn's .... ditto
13 Lord Foley's .......... ditto
14 Mr. J. Ward's.......... ditto

In returning, after partaking of an elegant entertainment previously provided at Bedfont, they dashed home, in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment displayed by the noble, honourable, and respectable drivers.—We congratulate Mr. Harvey, of the Black Dog, Bedfont, (not Belfont, as ignorantly spelt by some of the editors of newspapers) in the accession of this honourable party to his house, as no one knows better how to cater, or has superior claims to encouragement, than himself.—The members of the above Club were to dine again at the same inn, on Monday, the 28th instant.

WHIP CLUB.—Another Club, called the Whip Club, in rivalship with the above, met on Monday morning, the 6th, in Park-lane, and proceeded from thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were fifteen barouche-landaus, with four horses to each; the drivers were all men of known skill in the science of charioteering. Lord Hawke, Mr. Buxton, and the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, were among the leaders. The following was the style of the set-out:—

Yellow-bodied carriages, with whip springs and dickey boxes; cattle of a bright bay colour, with silver plate ornaments on the harness, and rosettes to the ears.

*Costume of the Drivers.*—A light drab-colour cloth coat, made full, single breast, with three tier of pockets; the skirts reaching to the ancles; a mother-of-pearl button of the size of a crown piece.—Waistcoat, blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth; small-clothes, corded silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings and rosettes to each knee. The boots very short, and finished with very broad straps, which hang over the tops and down to the ancle. A hat three inches and a half deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim exactly.

Each wore a large bouquet at the breast, thus resembling the coachmen of our Nobility, who, on his Majesty's birth-day, appeared, in that respect, so peculiarly distinguished.

A SET of gentlemen, amateurs of the oar, have formed a Rowing Club, under the title of the *Funny Society*. The members are said to be all exceedingly expert, and eminently distinguished *skulls*.—The first meeting has taken place, each gentleman in his own funny.

MR. Daniel Lambert.—We hear that this well-known gentleman, certainly one of the heaviest persons in

in the kingdom, being upwards of forty-six stone weight, and only forty-seven years of age, has been visiting Manchester, and intends to go to York. This information to sporting gentlemen must be very agreeable, as few men are better versed in what relates to either the turf, the sports of the field, or the breeding and training of dogs: indeed Mr. Lambert's dogs are in high request, and have brought very great prices. What adds to the pleasure of his company, he is in every respect a gentleman in his conversation and manners.

SOME miscreant, on the night of the 7th instant, had the cruelty to cut the tongue of a fine horse, the property of the Rev. James Filewood, Rector of Sible Hedingham, Essex, in such a manner, as to endanger the loss of the animal.

AMONG the newly-invented *agricultural* implements exhibited at Woburn this season, was a *man-trap,* which, by means of a chain, detains the offender without doing him any material injury.

ON the Tuesday evening of Ascot-Heath races, as a stage-coach was on its return from thence, with *only twenty-one* passengers on the roof, box, &c. and six insides, it happened very aukwardly that one of the springs broke at the bottom of a hill, and close to a large pond; the coach was not overturned, but the outside collection were every one launched into the water, and completely soused; two females, of circumference equal to Lady Buckinghamshire, made a most ludicrous display of their *invisible petticoats* and Dutch foundations. With some difficulty, all scrambled on shore; and, after a liberal dispensation of *Nelson's Cordial,* from a gentleman of *spirit,* or in the *spirit line,* they proceeded on their journey to the next inn.

AN accident, which luckily was not attended with any serious consequences, befell Mr. Allen, the brewer, of turf celebrity, on the last day of Epsom races. The above gentleman, who is considered one of the most dexterous whips of the day, was driving a tandem from Epsom to the race-course, when one of the wheels dropped into a deep rut on ascending the hill which approaches the rubbing-house, and the vehicle was upset. Mr. Allen was alone, and his bruises have occasioned a temporary confinement.

A LETTER from a very ingenious gentleman, a Fellow of the Royal Society, contains the following passage:—" When you do me the favour of coming to this part of Middlesex, and are inclined to sail on dry land, I can indulge your disposition, having built a sailing chariot, which, with a moderate wind, and four persons on board, will run fifteen knots an hour, close hauled."

A FEMALE antelope, which was brought, with its mate, from Tripoli, by the Hon Captain Boyle, fawned, about two months since, at Cowdray Park, in Sussex, the seat of W. S. Poyntz, Esq. and the fawn and its mother are doing very well. Mr. Poyntz has been so attentive in making their residence suitable to their nature, that they do not appear to suffer the least from the difference of climate. This is believed to be the first instance of the antelope's fawning in this kingdom.

POETRY.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

### THE KILRUDDERY FOX-CHASE.

*An Irish Hunting Song.*

HARK! hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to claim your attention I'm sure cannot fail;
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar.
A pack of such dogs, and a race of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with agen;
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
Fore George, he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At nine in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
The Lochter-town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squire Adair, he was with us that day;
Joe Debble, Hal Preston, that hero so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar;
Hark, hark, now to Wanton! the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifle esteem'd in the pack.
Then Bonny, and Collier, came readily in,
And ev'ry hound join'd in the musical din:
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a Goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past ten was the time of the day,
When reynard broke cover—and this was his way:
As strong from Killegar as though he fear'd none,
Away he rush'd round by the house of Kilmone,
To Carlick-mine thence, and to Cherry-wood then,
He climb'd Sheepshank-hills, and to Ballymogden;
Bray-common he cross'd, leapt Lord Anglesea's wall,
And seem'd to say, "Little I value you all."

He ran bushes and groves, up to Carbury Byrns,
Joe Debble, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out.
To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
At Dalkey-stone common we had him in view;
He drove on by Bulloch, and then by Glangary,
And so on to Mountown, where Larry grew weary.

Thro' Roche's town-wood like an arrow he past,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said, in his heart, there's none dare follow me:
But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of our staunch-mettled hounds;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But ere he could reach to the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and kill'd by the rest of the pack,
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Larry, who, riding a garran, was flung.
Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwelt hospitality, truth, and my Lord.
We talk'd o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray baulk'd a leap; says Hal, it was odd;
'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, by the great living G—d:
Said Preston I halloo'd, get on, tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding, and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consign to the court.
Thus we banish'd the rest of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight;
Then till the next morning bid farewell each brother,
So some went home one way, and some went another.
As freedom befriended our earlier roam,
Bright Luna assisted in guiding us home.

## JEU D'ESPRIT,

CIRCULATED IN CHARACTER AT A LATE MASQUERADE.

*To Private Theatricals.*

MR. PARAGON PROLOGUE, Prof. Soc. Busk. Prim. Dram. Pers. P. S. and O. P. Emperor of all Actors, the greatest man in the world, has the honour to present a Prospectus of his new Histrionic Academy, in which he engages to teach Ladies, Gentlemen, and others, at all ages, sizes, ranks, and condition, to become as truly great in the science and practice of Acting as himself!!!

YE Private Theatricals, "lend me your ears,"
Be ye Margravines, Milliners, 'Prentices, Peers;
All ye who in Tragedy live to be dying,
In Comedy frisking, in Melo-drame sighing,
Who warble in sing-song, in Farce who make faces,
Or in Pantomime bid heads and tails change their places;
I, PARAGON PROLOGUE, P. S. and O. P.,
The very best actor that is, or will be,
Am come to instruct you by rules scientific,
To be gloomy, gay, comical, queer, and terrific.

To you, ye fair vot'ries, my bows are first due,
Sweet patrons of all that's eccentric and new:
Be ye fair, brown, or yellow, "blue spirits or grey,"
You shall teach me to love, and I'll teach you to play,
Your dimples or wrinkles shall live in renown,
As Thalia's arch smile, or Melpomene's frown;
Sage grandams in hoydens shall frolic so nimble,
While Misses, "blood-bolter'd," shall make the Gods tremble:
Frail Dames shine as *Imogene*, virtue adorning,
And Maids be made *Millwoods* at very short warning!

Ye Courtiers, who scenes of soft blandishment choose,
From me shall you learn how *Sir Pertinax* "boos;"

Gouty

Gouty Peers shall look *Romeos*, love-sick and pretty,
And Masters from Harrow eclipse Master Betty;
While beaux from Whitechapel and Mansion-house-street,
The Stage shall as *Rangers* and *Doricourts* greet;
Turf heroes, in *Groom*, shall talk big of their cattle;
Brave Colonels, in *Hotspur*, for once see a battle;
Loud Lawyers shall quaver like Braham or Naldi,
And fat Common Councilmen vault like Grimaldi.

I'll teach you, moreover, new ways to pronounce,
To weigh out your words by the pound or the ounce,
And, when you'd give force to a tragedy swell,
To drawl, or to croak like a frog in a well:
With a brisk Irish brogue I'll enliven your *Spaches*,
If I don't, you may fill all my bones full of *Aitches*.

These feats (as my int'rest I never lay stress on)
I'll freely perform at five guineas a lesson;
The terms are dog cheap: if my pupil be no log,
He'll not grudge his money to
PARAGON PROLOGUE.

---

## POOR BARLEY CORN.

*From Farley's Bristol Journal.*

THE following beautiful tribute to the genial virtues of our old English beverage, likely soon to be known rather by memory than taste, was written in the days of Charles II. and has probably remained in MS. to this day.

WHEN the chill north-east blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale,
When pies and daws, and doobs and crows,
Do sit, and curse the frost and snows,
Then give me ale.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march o' the Swedish drum,
Disputes the Prince's laws and rights,
What's gone and past tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the ploughman's heart upleaps,
And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in soft and easy sleeps
The tired bones.

Ale, that securely climbs the tops
Of cedars tall, and lofty towers,
When giddy grapes and creeping hops
Are holden up with poles and props,
For lack of powers.

When the Septentrion seas are froze,
By Boreas his biting gale,
To keep unpinch'd the Russian's nose,
And save unrot the Vandal's toes,
Oh! give me ale.

Grandchild to Ceres, Barley's daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if butstale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
Hah! give me ale.

---

*To the much-distressed Members of the honourable and very ancient*

## SOCIETY OF DECAYED GUIDE-POSTS.

SIRS—we have look'd at your petition,
And will attend to your condition;
We know of few who so deserve as
You Guide-posts do, for public service.
'Tis true, indeed, we can but own
You have been shamefully let down,
Have met, from many, treatment undue,
But justice shall be, shortly, done you;
You shall not long have cause to rail
At justice's uneven scale,
Shall not, with reason, long complain
That she has "borne the sword in vain,"
As, very shortly, for your sake,
We will "*the sleeping Statutes*" wake;
And when we Justices respect you,
Woe be to those who shall neglect you;
Surveyors shall receive our precept,
That you may all in order be kept,
May all direct each wandering wight,
How to pursue the road that's right;

The

The wrong avoid—then, of the crew,
Those who use not "the friendly clue,"
Must blame themselves, not us, nor you.
You shall instructions place before 'em,
"By order of the Norfolk Quorum;"
"And this," (that you may ready be,
For your approaching Jubilee,
May have no more just cause to fear man)
"The Court assures you by
THE CHAIRMAN."

*April* 27, 1808.

## LINES TO MARY.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

NO, MARY, no! it cannot be;
My heart oppress'd, with anguish torn,
Still beats with ardent love for thee,
Tho' doom'd thy *perfidy* to mourn.

When, circled in thy clasping arms,
Rapture's full beam illum'd mine eye,
Oh! then, when madd'ning with thy charms,
My soul dissolv'd in ev'ry sigh!
I swore to thee eternal love;
The oath was register'd in Heav'n;
And never, should I faithless prove,
Ah! *never* could I be forgiven.

By HIM, whose word Creation hung
Within the infinite of space,
I vow'd, as pleasure thrill'd my tongue
When folded in thy sweet embrace,
That never, from that happy hour,
Thy HENRY's breast should cease to love;
And Fate itself has not the pow'r
My strong affection to remove.

No!—sooner from the realms on high
The sun shall sink to endless night,
And ev'ry sphere that gems the sky
Shine in full lustre without light!
Sooner the fix'd, unerring Mind
Shall, wav'ring, bid his counsels jar,
And in one chain of order bind
The solar orb and meteor star!

No, MARY, no! it cannot be!
Till life's last breath my being end,
My heart shall fervent beat for thee,
And in one dear idea blend
The *Lover*, *Mistress*, *Wife*, and *Friend!*

HENRY.

## CONTENT.

DEAR Sam, who the camp and the pulpit have tried,
You ask me what system of life I should choose;
To manage my own little farm is my pride,
And to lounge where I like in my dirty old shoes.

In a patron's cold vestibule why should I freeze?
Why dance up and down at the smiles of the great?
When to warm my own heart I can clip my own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small estate!

Who would angle for meals that can catch his own fish?
As the honey unbought, what desert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my own in a clean wooden dish,
And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the treat.

While for health I can plough, and for exercise dig,
May the wretch who dislikes me my system forbear;
May he veil his grey locks in an Alderman's wig,
Grow gouty when Sheriff, and die when Lord Mayor.

## EPITAPH

### ON WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

*Who died in consequence of bathing immediately after Hunting, Sept. 24, 1782.*

IN silence here, beneath, a youth is laid,
By whom the sports of nature were survey'd;
With ravish'd breast, o'er meads he did pursue
The started hare, which thro' the landscape flew;
By which pursuit, his heart oppress'd with heat,
Plung'd in the stream which nature thought so sweet:
But soon the stream a change to nature gave;
And plung'd the youth deep in the silent grave.

*Cheshunt, Herts.*